

# New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE  
One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year . . . . . \$3.00  
Two copies, one year . . . . . \$6.00

No. 308.

## CHANGE.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Once more as in the days of old  
I trudge along the highway,  
Again I tread the "cloth of gold,"  
That skirts the meadow by-way;  
I climb the hill-side slope once more,  
And neath the beeches yonder  
Again as in the days of yore.  
Headlong upon the grassy floor,  
It flings me down and ponder.  
Then down the old familiar way,  
And through the glades over yonather  
(Like we two in the younger day.)  
Go eye and thought together!  
Down through the broken orchard bar,  
Beneath the boughs low-hanging,  
And through the farm-yard gate ajar,  
The roses 'bove the path and roses are,  
They find their journey's ending.  
My boyhood's home, ay, there it lies,  
And oh, what hosts of memories  
Come crowding up unbidden!  
As, just as in the days of yore,  
My eyes once more behold it:  
The gabled roof with moss grown o'er,  
The roses 'bove the kitchen door  
That cling to and entwined it.  
Yes, all the same—and yet not so;  
The old familiar places know,  
No more the once-loved faces,  
The house is there, the home is fled;  
Gone is the old-time gladness,  
Since they that were its life are dead,  
Joy is departed, and instead  
The air is dumb with sadness.  
Oh, tender hearts that to the last  
Made home and hearthstone pleasant!  
Oh, many a year that has past  
Look down upon the present!  
Oh, ghosts of all the dear, dead days,  
That constant fit before me:  
Go not so soon your own sad ways,  
Nor leave so quickly in your place  
These new days frowning o'er me.

## JACK RABBIT.

### The Prairie Sport:

THE WOLF CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-  
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

The day dawned bright and peaceful, the skies were clear and cloudless. There was nothing to remind one of the wild storm of only a few hours before.

The morning sun shone upon a peculiar scene. To the north and west uprose the wild, rugged foothills of that vast chain, the Rocky Mountains. Upon the east and south stretched the broad sandy waste, now less even and monotonous than before, since the fierce howling blast had raised the surface in many a curving sandhill, had hollowed out many a miniature valley in order to form the winding, intricate ridges of glistening sand.

At the base of these foothills now rests the caravans of the buffalo-hunters, and their wild guard, the Mad Chief's Pawnees. A minute description of the spot is necessary to a perfect understanding of what is to follow.

Take a profile view of a statuette—Byron's, for instance. Lay it down, with the nose pointing north, the shoulders toward the east. Build a towering wall of almost perpendicular rocks around the skull, the face, down to the neck. Then let them branch off irregularly, leaving the shoulder of the statuette to me or I to them?"



The friends were conversing earnestly, the one with his fingers, Jack Rabbit in low, guarded tones.

he had seen that she was more than ordinarily beautiful—than of the words of the chieftain. It would be tiresome to record his long, somewhat prosy speech; the substance must suffice.

He declared that it was not often that he met so many dear friends at one time, but since he had, they must not part company until he had shown them how very dear they were to his heart. For three days, all should be joy and festivity; after that, they could talk of business. The Pawnee braves would exhibit some of their national sports, and then would be glad to watch the pale-faces display their accomplishments.

During this monologue, Jack Rabbit, using the one hand that was hidden from the keen eyes of the black chief, formed these words in the sign language.

"You must help me save the Comanche chief—reasons afterward; they are important. You can leave in a few moments. I'll keep him here until all is ready. Manage to cut the lad's bonds; tell him to wait for the signal—he will understand your signs. Then come for me. I'll tell you the rest then."

Tony Chew mutely signified his readiness to obey. Though so much older than Jack, the young man was generally the leader. Then he arose and left the lodge, trusting to Jack to satisfy the chief.

His keen eye saw that the prisoners were left alone. The Pawnees were generally busied with gorging themselves. Tony believed that he could effect the release unnoticed. Gliding along, he suddenly dropped behind a point of rocks. Then, gliding stealthily over the ground, keeping well covered, he finally succeeded in reaching the boulder to which the young chief was bound. A quick sign of anxiety, then his keen knife noiselessly severed the rawhide thongs, only leaving one intact, sufficient to keep the rest in place. This done, he signed for the chief to wait patiently for his signal, at the same time slipping the knife beneath his body, in easy reach of his hand.

Then, satisfied that his actions had been unobserved, Tony stole away until at a safe distance, after which he arose and returned to the lodge, just in time to hear Jack Rabbit say: "You have my promise to join in the sports, only we must have a little time to practice first. You can come or send some of your braves out to take notes, if you wish."

The black chief's face lightened at these words, and he quickly agreed. His evident reluctance to letting the two men pass beyond his line strengthened Jack's suspicions that evil was in his mind, that he meant bitter mischief to the buffalo-hunters.

"Come, pard," he added aloud, "I've promised to show them some of our tricks in the saddle, and as it wouldn't do for us to make a botch of it, we'd better practice a little. We'll get our horses and go outside."

These words were purposely spoken in English, as though not meant for the Mad Chief, but from beneath the long eyelashes that fringed his lids, Jack saw a quick, satisfied smile steal over the chief's face. The bait was swallowed. Whatever suspicions he might have had were now lulled.

While saddling and bridling their animals, now thoroughly rested from their hard day's work, Jack unfolded the rest of his plan.

"You will go first. Stop close to the young chief. Sign to him that the horse is for him. When he seizes it, do you fall as if knocked down. Leave the rest to me."

"But the horse?" signed Tony, with a dubious look.

"I'll bring it back—and you know mine is the only four-legged animal that can do it. I mean to recapture the red-skin. Never mind why; here comes that old brute."

The Mad Chief came up and said that he himself would ride out with them. Jack Rabbit quietly replied that he would wait till his brother's horse was ready. Tony Chew, as though not hearing the speech, led his big horse along until close beside the captive Comanches, then paused as though to learn why Jack was dallying; and as he glanced back he made several hasty signs to the Comanche.

Quick as thought the last cord was severed, and the young chief darted forward like an arrow fresh from the bow, snatching the reins from Tony's hand and leaping into the saddle. As he dashed away with a wild, ringing yell of exultation, the big borderer fell to the ground in a heap, as though stricken senseless.

A yell of angry warning burst from the Mad Chief's lips, but before any of the Pawnees could interfere, the Comanche had passed the cordon of lodges, and was thundering away over the desert, to all seeming free.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE TIGER-HUNTER.

STILL brighter glowed those cruel eyes. Low and soft, yet more terrible than would have been an angry scream, because more treacherous, came the musical purring of the huge cat.

The young buffalo-hunter glanced through the double sights, aiming between the twin stars; but he hesitated to touch the trigger. To fire and miss, or only wound the beast, would be fatal. That instant its leap would be made, and little could their puny strength avail against the desert king.

Then the tiger's head flattened close to the ground, and the loud purr deepened to a deadly, menacing snarl. Another instant and its unerring leap would be made.

His finger was already touching the trigger, when a dark figure suddenly alighted before Pablo, as though it had dropped from the leaves above. He started back with a little cry of superstitious wonder. At the same instant the snarl of the tiger rose to a wild yell, and its long, lithe body shot through the air direct for the spot where the strange figure now stood guarding Rosina.

Had he flinched, as might easily have been forgiven him, the maiden would have fallen the first victim to those sharp claws and gleaming teeth. But, sturdy and firm as though a statue of bronze, the new-comer received the shock. There was a dull, peculiar thud, then, as though rebounding from a stone wall, the tiger fell heavily back, a dozen feet distant. And then, as if impelled by the same power, the dark figure sprang upon the snarling animal, and a confused struggle ensued, through which could be seen the rapid flashing of a blood-dripping blade.

Confused, bewildered, the young cibolero watched the terrible death-struggle without once offering to interfere. The abrupt appearance of this man, who had so boldly taken upon himself the struggle with the desert scourge, for the instant rendered the youth powerless, so great was his surprise, and before the first shock had died away the fight was over. With a shrill, gurgling scream, the tiger rolled over, dead, the long blade passing entirely through its heart.

Was it the echo? that shrill, venomous scream, roaring high above the mad howling of the tempest?

The stranger sprung to his feet with a sharp cry, still clutching the faithful weapon that had disposed of one fierce antagonist. The firelight gleamed redly upon his face. Blood, either from his own or the tiger's veins, possibly both, freely moistened the lithe, half-nude figure. Yet he did not flinch, did not seek to retreat, but stood above the still quivering carcass, the model of a wild, fearless gladiator.

Another cry, louder, sharper than before, accompanied by the swishing and crackling of undergrowth. Then a beautiful, though terrible brute leaped out into the little glade. A counterpart of the first tiger, this one was evidently seeking its mate, aroused by that last terrible cry.

As though bewildered by the bright glare of the fire, the tiger crouched upon the ground, its head flattened, its teeth shining through the parted red lips, its long tail nervously sweeping the ground as its yellow eyes passed from one to the other of those silent figures, finally resting upon the convulsed shape of its mate, lying at the dark man's feet. Its instinct seemed to single out the slayer, and the lithe form flattened still nearer the earth, every nerve and muscle straining for the avenging leap.

The leap was made, but only through the spasmodic relaxation of the strained sinews. Sharp and spiteful rang out the report of Pablo's rifle, and the leaden missile crashed through the tiger's brain.

Springing lightly aside, the stranger dealt the body a deadly stroke as it passed, the keen blade severing skin, flesh and bones with terrible effect. Quivering, yet senseless to all pain, the carcass fell into the fire, scattering the brands in every direction.

"It is needless," quietly uttered the stranger, as Pablo sprung before Rosina, with drawn knife. "The brute is dead, twice over."

"We owe you our lives, señor—" "Look again, master," was the interruption, in a quiet, even tone. "I am only a manzo—a poor Indian, without either name or people. 'Lazy dog' sounds better than 'señor' when we are spoken to."

"You are our friend, since you risked your life in our defense," quickly interposed Rosina.

"Thanks for the kind words, lady; but you, too, mistake. I acted without thinking of you. I would have assisted my worst enemy against these devils. That is all I live for now. Day and night I hunt them, and shall, until I die. Why? Because they have robbed me of all that made a life of slavery endurable—because they killed my mother, my brother, my—my wife. Bah! I am a fool! What interest can you feel in my affairs? I only wonder that you do not laugh—laugh and sneer at the idea of a nameless slave and outcast prating of love and revenge."

There was an indescribable bitterness in the tiger-hunter's tone as he hissed forth the words, that strangely impressed the young couple. The language, too, was not such as might have been expected from one belonging to that usually ignorant and degraded class, the "civilized Indians" of New Mexico.

Whatever reply Pablo might have made was cut short by a terrible, prolonged chorus, beginning with the sharp barking yelp of the coyote and ending in the wild, piercing scream of the jaguar. Rosina instinctively drew nearer her brother, clutching his arm closely. The *tigero* laughed shortly.

"Listen! is not that music to awaken a dead man? You see now how it happens that we met. The brutes come here for water, and for shelter from such storms as this. I was lying in wait for them when you came. Ha—again! You shall see royal sport!"

"Let us go, brother," faltered Rosina. "I am afraid—those terrible sounds chill my blood."

The tiger-hunter started at the sound of her voice, and as his eyes rested upon her pale face the wild glow in his eyes gradually died away. Slowly, as if reluctantly, he said:

"Your words are wise, lady. The storm-devil was whispering in my ear, bidding me slay—slay! But, life is longer than a day. I have sacrificed, now I will save. Come; the wind is carrying that," pointing to the chargin body of the last slain tiger, "for leagues, and before day-dawn this camp of timber will be a den of wild animals. Will you trust me? See! I am calm now. I will guide you wherever you wish me."

Pablo did not hesitate long, but hurriedly descended the point where they had left the train. In silence the tiger-hunter listened, then grasped the bridle-rein of Rosina's mustang, striding swiftly away from the oasis, gradually leaving behind them the increasing howls, snarlings and yelps of the swiftly-gathering wild beasts.

The wind was yet high, though the power of the tempest had considerably abated. It was with a certain secret satisfaction in the confirmation of his own acuteness that Pablo found the wind blowing against his right shoulder as he strode along. And yet the tiger-hunter was perfectly honest and sincere in his belief that he was guiding them aright. At least a point of rocks, especially when only seen from a distance, can hardly be described beyond the possibility of mistake.

And when the first gleam of day-dawn broke upon the wearied wayfarers, a cry of satisfaction broke from the young cibolero's lips. Before him, scarce a mile distant, could be seen a point of rocks, jutting from a rugged mass of evergreen-studded hills. The general outline, even some of the minor details, were true to what the young man had described.

They are snakes, brought in by some of my young men this morning," coldly observed the Mad Chief.

"The youngest is one of those who escaped at the barranca," mutely said the big borderer. "He deserves a better fate than awaits him, here."

"Wait—I have a plan," signed Jack Rabbit.

The chief saw these rapid signals, but evidently could not read their meaning. Nor did he allude to them in any way, but led his guests into the tall, roomy lodge. A few sharp words broke from his lips, and then a slight, graceful figure brushed past the pale-faced and left the lodge. Yet, rapid as was the action, the keen eyes of the young hunter saw enough to send his blood coursing rapidly through his veins. It was as though an angel of light had flitted before his eager gaze.

A plentiful supply of meat was smoking upon a large wooden platter. The trio squatted around this, and ate as only hungry men in the best of health can eat. Yet Jack Rabbit cast more than one curious glance toward the lodge door. He was thinking far more of the young woman—even in that brief glance

"No, I don't like it, old man Tony. It may be O. K., but it smells pesky fishy, anyhow. There's a sulky, vicious devil in the old man's eyes that means mischief. He knows that

friends were conversing earnestly, the one with his fingers, Jack Rabbit in low, guarded tones.

"But—where are they?" faltered Rosina, the old fear again assailing her heart, as she sought in vain for some traces of the expected train.

The tiger-hunter silently raised his head, and bent his ear. A peculiar, unmistakable sound came floating across the desert. Pablo laughed aloud.

"The carretas! Sweeter music I would not wish to hear, just now—eh, little sister?"

Rosina made no audible reply, though her pale cheek flushed brightly and her eyes sparkled as she urged the jaded *pongo* at a more rapid pace. Beside her trotted Pablo and the tiger-hunter.

The sound of the wooden wheels grew louder and more plain, and as the trio reached the point of rocks, the keen eyes of the tiger-hunter caught sight of the train, just appearing from out a narrow defile.

The glad smile quickly vanished from Pablo's face, and a cry of disappointment part-ed his lips. The first glance told him there was something wrong. The train was not that for which they had been searching. He turned to Rosina with an uneasy look.

"They are whites, at least," she faltered; "so they must be friends. Perhaps they can explain—can give us some tidings of our—our friends."

"We have no choice, since they have seen us," muttered Pablo, as half a dozen horsemen suddenly rode out from the train, fully armed.

"Black Garote!" gasped Rosina, as the leading horseman drew near, a peculiar grin drawn upon his round, ill-featured face as he seemed to recognize the Raymons.

Pablo did not appear to share her uneasiness, and greeted the men frankly if not cordially, however proud and distant he might have been under other circumstances. At first the tiger-hunter held aloof, as though he meant to take his departure at once, but as though he interpreted aright the quick glance of Rosa-na's eye, he once more resumed his place at her rein.

Black Garote, the buffalo-hunter, was a half-breed Indian, though his features were more like those of a negro, and his hair was crisp and close curling. Very tall, with broad shoulders and powerful body, he was clumsily built; taken all in all, a more repulsive being could scarcely be imagined. His heart, too, was in keeping with his carcass.

Rosina bent low in the saddle and whispered to the tiger-hunter. She begged him to seek out her father and tell him where they were, repeating the half-breed's name, that he might know how to act.

"Do this, and I will pray for you, night and day!"

The tiger-hunter gently kissed her hand, then bowed and glided swiftly away. A sharp cry from Black Garote warned his men, and, as though all had been preconcerted, a terrible scene followed.

Three men galloped swiftly down upon the tiger-hunter, plying their stout bows with Indian-like dexterity. The attack was too sudden to be avoided. Without being given a chance to strike a return blow, the Indian fell, his body forming the sheath for a dozen arrows.

Garote dealt Pablo a brutal kick in the face that hurled the young ciblero bleeding and senseless to the ground, then grasped the reins of Rosina's horse, drowning her shriek of terror with his harsh, brutal laugh.

"You will not laugh and scorn me now, my dainty bird," he chuckled, as his brawny arms tightened round her waist, lifting her from the saddle and holding her helpless.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

His shrill yell floated tauntingly back as the young chief of the Comanches dashed through the last line of the Pawnee lodges and thundered away over the desert, almost ere his enemies realized what had occurred.

The Black Chief yelled forth his orders, even as he leaped toward his half-saddled mustang, bidding his braves recapture the Comanche under peril of death. But hasty as they were, their efforts would have availed little against the big buckskin, and the Comanche might have laughed them to scorn, only for the young plainsman, by whom all this machinery had been put in motion.

With an agile bound he was in the saddle and then, uttering a single clear shout as he passed by the still prostrate borderman, he stretched out in swift pursuit of the big buckskin, whose mighty bounds, so long and powerful, were devouring the space with a rapidity that caused the bronze cheeks of its rider to glow with proud surprise. Not only to escape, but to carry off this truly magnificent animal!

Then, with natural curiosity, he glanced back. He saw the Pawnee camp in wild confusion, a score of braves preparing their ponies for hot pursuit. A light cloud chased away the scornful smile, and the Comanche's brow lowered. It was not the preparations of the Pawnees that caused this. He knew right well that not one out of a hundred mustangs could cope successfully with the big States horse.

But that blood bay, racing so level and true, with a long, sweeping stride, swift and regular as the action of choice bit of machinery guiltless of jar or friction; from that young man of whose prowess he had already been a witness—from him alone had he cause for fear. Yet, though armed only with the knife left him by the dumb borderer, the young chief resolved never to return alive.

With a steady hand Jack Rabbit regulated the speed of his horse, knowing to an iota what the two animals were capable of, and that he could end the race at his own will. So, patiently biding his time, he glided along in the rear of the yellow horse, casting an occasional glance backward.

At length, when nearly five miles had been traversed, when the Pawnee camp had disappeared from view and the Pawnee riders were steadily growing less and less in the distance, Jack Rabbit shook up the blood-bay, and the struggle fairly began.

The keen-eyed Comanche had, ere this, detected the truth—knew that he was being played with, and resolved to make a good fight, had carefully nursed his horse during the last mile or two. Now, as he felt the keen knife-point spurring his hanches, the yellow horse plunged forward with almost redoubled speed.

Jack Rabbit smiled grimly, and spoke to his horse. The blood-bay tossed its head, then stretched out still nearer the ground. More than once the two had been pitted against each other, nor was he to encounter defeat for the first time. Foot by foot, yard by yard the distance lessened, until the Comanche clutched the knife more tightly and nervously himself for a struggle. Yet he wondered why his pursuer did not make use of his rifle or pistol.

Steadily the blood-bay crept up, nearer and nearer, until, at length, Jack Rabbit spoke, in

the mongrel dialect, half Spanish, half Comanche, in general use among the *Comanches*, or Indian traders.

"Let my red brother look back; a friend speaks to him. Look—my hands are empty, though the chief can see here fire-bows that hold more lives than he has fingers. There would be an enemy to us!"

As he spoke, Jack Rabbit checked his horse and dropped both revolvers and rifle to the ground, then folded his arms quietly. The Comanche wheeled his horse and rode back, a puzzled look upon his face. The whole affair was an enigma beyond his solving.

"Our tongues must be quick, for the Pawnee dogs are coming up. My tongue is straight and can only follow one trail; listen. Yesterday we were enemies, and fought each other. To-day we are friends, since I made the silent man cut the thongs that bound a chief. Why did I do this? Some time you will know—not now. But now—you must go back to these dogs, with me."

The Comanche drew back, mechanically fingering his knife. A cold smile played around the adventure's lips, as he unsheathed his own blade, with the words:

"I have said it. My brother must go with me, if not willingly and alive, then dead. We are armed alike. Do your best, for this is not my first war-trail."

"The Comanche rode forward, but the long knife was held by the blade, its hilt presented to Jack Rabbit.

"Keoxa is a chief. He can not bite the hand that saved his life. He will go with the White Lightning."

"Good; I know my brother again. We will return to the Pawnee wolves; but listen. Your life belongs to me. Let the wolves snarl and yelp, but they dare not bite."

Jack Rabbit held the knife belonging to Tony in his bosom, lest it should tell tales to some of the keen eyed Pawnees, and then, side by side with the strange allies rode back toward the now visible pursuers. Yelling exultantly, the Pawnees flocked around, but a significant gesture of the young borderer repelled the hands that would have rudely seized the Comanche. With dark looks, the Pawnees contented themselves with forming a cordon around the tawain; and then the young chief returned.

The Mad Chief came forward to meet them, as Jack Rabbit halted without the line of lodges. But Tony Chew was ahead of him, and at a significant sign from Jack, he took his position on the other side of the Comanche.

"It is well," said the Pawnee leader, in a cold, measured tone; "the snake stole the wings of an eagle, but did not know how to use them."

"He used them so well that not one of your braves were within sight when I overtook him," bluntly retorted Jack.

"It is you whom he must thank for what awaits him, then—the stake, with all the tortures that my braves can devise," replied the chief, with a sneer, speaking in Spanish.

"It seems to me that I have a word or two to say about that," laughed Jack Rabbit, coolly. "An hour ago things were different, but now—I don't care about torturing my captive."

The Mad Chief seemed about to burst forth with some angry reply, and his clenched fist was partially raised to give the signal so eagerly watched for by his braves; but as he saw the quiet resolution of the whites, their hands resting upon those terrible death-dealing revolvers, he hesitated.

"You claim his life, then?" he said, at length.

"He is my captive; just what I shall do with him, I can't say, but he shall not be tortured; that's settled."

A tall, battle-scared warrior pressed through the ranks and spoke a few words in an angry tone, so rapidly that Jack could not follow him. But a cruel smile that curled the chief's white mustache, told that the words were not unwelcome to his ear.

"It is well," he said loudly, glancing around the circle.

"Ynetli is a great brave, but he only asks justice. See! his face is black, because his lodge is full of mourning. A Comanche dog blew out the light of Ynetli's life, and the brave mourns for his son. The young brave can not take up the weary trail alone—he must have a dog to run down his game, a slave to wait upon him. The child of the Snake Leslie died."

Jack was about to speak, when the Comanche, who had evidently understood the Pawnee brave's speech, checked him.

"My brother is very kind, but Keoxa will send the father after his pappoose." Then, in louder voice, he declared his eagerness to abide by the result of the wager of battle. If he conquered, he was to go free; if not—well!

Though Jack was plainly far from being satisfied, he felt that it would be impossible to obtain better terms. The wonder was that the Mad Chief had condescended to parley at all, when the power was so clearly in his own hands. Yet, as Jack compared the two men, he felt all his trouble and plotting had been for naught, so slight seemed the chances of the young Comanche. The one, slightly built, almost feminine in muscle and body, a mere lad. The other, a tall, wiry athlete, just in the prime of life, with muscles like whiplord and steel, his broad breast bearing the tokens of many a stoutly-contested fight.

Yet the Comanche appeared to have no fears of the result, calmly awaiting the preparations, by odds the coolest man among them all.

The preliminaries were brief and easily settled.

The combatants were to fight on horseback—both Comanche and Pawnee are essentially *horse-Indians*—with knives, lances and lassos. Two mustangs were selected, stout, fresh animals. The men drew for first choice; fortune favored Ynetli, and the crowd shouted aloud at what they considered a favorable augury. A mounted brave started his pony from a point of rocks, galloping around in a semicircle, giving the rivals nearly five acres of ground on which to maneuver. The first who was forced across this line, at any point, must consider himself vanquished, and submit to his rival.

Fully repeating the conditions, the Mad Chief motioned his braves away. When they had stationed themselves at regular intervals around the half circle, he gave the signal. Carefully testing their mounts, the rivals gradually neared each other, lasso in one hand, lance in the other.

The Pawnee was the first to make an open attack, dashing impetuously forward as though about to ride down the Comanche, yelling and swinging his rawhide lasso round his head. Just keeping his pony in motion, ready for advance or retreat, Keoxa awaited the attack.

Eager as he was to avenge his son, Ynetli was not one to run an unnecessary risk, and his mustang veered to the right when just without lasso-cast, Keoxa facing him warily. His tactics caused the young plainsman's face to brighten, and to think better of his chances.

The Pawnee was the first to make an open attack, dashing impetuously forward as though about to ride down the Comanche, yelling and swinging his rawhide lasso round his head. Just keeping his pony in motion, ready for advance or retreat, Keoxa awaited the attack.

Eager as he was to avenge his son, Ynetli was not one to run an unnecessary risk, and his mustang veered to the right when just without lasso-cast, Keoxa facing him warily. His tactics caused the young plainsman's face to brighten, and to think better of his chances.

The Pawnee was the first to make an open attack, dashing impetuously forward as though about to ride down the Comanche, yelling and swinging his rawhide lasso round his head. Just keeping his pony in motion, ready for advance or retreat, Keoxa awaited the attack.

Eager as he was to avenge his son, Ynetli was not one to run an unnecessary risk, and his mustang veered to the right when just without lasso-cast, Keoxa facing him warily. His tactics caused the young plainsman's face to brighten, and to think better of his chances.

The Pawnee was the first to make an open attack, dashing impetuously forward as though about to ride down the Comanche, yelling and swinging his rawhide lasso round his head. Just keeping his pony in motion, ready for advance or retreat, Keoxa awaited the attack.

Eager as he was to avenge his son, Ynetli was not one to run an unnecessary risk, and his mustang veered to the right when just without lasso-cast, Keoxa facing him warily. His tactics caused the young plainsman's face to brighten, and to think better of his chances.

The Pawnee made one complete circle, then his patience gave way, just as Keoxa had hoped. With a wild yell, he dashed in, the black, snake-like coils flashing through the air. Quick as thought the Comanche was on guard. Wheeling around, his back to the foe, he drew the reins tight, his long spear resting between his mustang's ears and upon his own bowed head. The noose fell upon this, and was instantly flung off as Keoxa wheeled and became the assailant in turn; but with better success.

Netili attempted the same guard, but was too late. The noose closed around his body, and as his only hope, he dashed direct for the young chief, with leveled lance. Keoxa also spurred forward, with ready spear, and for a moment it seemed as though both must fall. But not so. Swinging lightly aside, Keoxa urged his pony on with a shrill cry. A sharp pluck—a dull thud—and the Pawnee was hurled senseless to the ground.

Handling his mustang with marvelous skill, Keoxa wheeled and paused over the quivering body, driving his spear through and through, pinning the corpse to the blood-stained sands. The next moment he was shaking the gory scalp above his head, pealing forth his triumphant war-cry.

The Pawnee seemed mad with rage and wildness, dashing toward the victor with wild fury for blood. But swift as they were, others were swifter. Jack and Tony thundered forward and stood beside the Comanche, with drawn and cocked revolvers. A clear, ringing shout—a hoarse, deep growl answered the shrill, vengeful yell.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

## Vials of Wrath: or, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-  
BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S  
FATE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### A GLIMPSE OF ARCADY.

THE ride from Union square to Fifth avenue, through short and accomplished in a very few minutes, was an eventful one to both Ethel Havelock and Leslie Verne, who said very little to each other, being engrossed with their own thoughts, so entirely different in each instant.

Over Ethel had come a feeling of nervous anxiety, entirely different from the quiet satisfaction that had taken possession of her when Verne had first announced his intentions; and as the carriage stopped in front of a large, imposing house, and Verne sprang out to assist her to alight, Ethel felt her limbs tremble so that she could scarcely walk.

What if Leslie had overruled Mrs. Argelyne's need of such services as Ethel knew she could offer? What if some one else was in view for the position?

Leslie saw the sudden, anxious pallor that was all over her sweet, sad face; and actually smiled at it.

"I hope you are not nervous, Ethel! You have no fears on the score of your reception—you will love aunt Helen as soon as you see her."

They ascended the flight of stone steps, that Ethel had discharged the carriage, and in a moment after the summons of the bell a tall, liveried footman opened the inner door of the large marble-floored vestibule.

Leslie nodded pleasantly.

"Will you tell Mrs. Argelyne I would like to see her again, alone, Waugh? If she will permit me to come to her room I would prefer this. This way, Ethel."

His easy, gentlemanly manners were so pleasant to the nervous, anxious girl; she followed him with a quick, willing step into a tiny reception-room on the right of the hall; a square room, with one large window fronting the avenue, that was hung with rich, yellowish brown satin, that matched the somber, elegant carpet on the floor, and the *tele-a-tete* and solitaire chair.

In the center of the room was an upright card-basket, with bronze pedestal and silver receiver, that was nearly filled with cards—Leslie's uppermost one.

Jack was about to speak, when the Comanche, who had evidently understood the Pawnee brave's speech, checked him.

"My brother is very kind, but Keoxa will send the father after his pappoose." Then, in louder voice, he declared his eagerness to abide by the result of the wager of battle. If he conquered, he was to go free; if not—well!

Though Jack was plainly far from being satisfied, he felt that it would be impossible to obtain better terms. The wonder was that the Mad Chief had condescended to parley at all, when the power was so clearly in his own hands. Yet, as Jack compared the two men, he felt all his trouble and plotting had been for naught, so slight seemed the chances of the young Comanche. The one, slightly built, almost feminine in muscle and body, a mere lad. The other, a tall, wiry athlete, just in the prime of life, with muscles like whiplord and steel, his broad breast bearing the tokens of many a stoutly-contested fight.

Yet the Comanche appeared to have no fears of the result, calmly awaiting the preparations, by odds the coolest man among them all.

The preliminaries were brief and easily settled.

The combatants were to fight on horseback—both Comanche and Pawnee are essentially *horse-Indians*—with knives, lances and lassos. Two mustangs were selected, stout, fresh animals. The men drew for first choice; fortune favored Ynetli, and the crowd shouted aloud at what they considered a favorable augury. A mounted brave started his pony from a point of rocks, galloping around in a semicircle, giving the rivals nearly five acres of ground on which to maneuver. A white, velvet carpet, medallion, with center and corner pieces of blue morning glories, and border of silvery gray stars.

He went silently up the velvet-piled stairs, and through the upper hall

her usual quiet prudence; then she busied herself in little attentions around the room, while Georgia's sobs smote piteously on the still air.

Then, she took a stool—a soft, velvet ottoman—and placed it where Georgia's feet might rest on it; she threw a gorgeous-hued sofa affghan over her—with such unobtrusive kindness and thoughtfulness, that Georgia sobbed afresh at the acts.

"You are the only friend I have left, Amber—good, dear, faithful Amber!"

The servant-woman silently smoothed her lustrous hair, with a gentle, magnetic touch, that was positive balm to the overburdened woman.

"Sometimes I think if you only knew all I endure—Amber, you have known me ever since I came to Tanglewood bride. You know when—they took my baby out of your arms, Amber, to put it to nurse in the country; you never knew why that was done, did you? or, have you ceased to remember or care for my baby?"

She raised her bright, tear-pearled eyes, that were unduly radiant, to Amber's peaceful face.

"Forget little Miss Jessamine—my own little nurseling! Mrs. Lexington, I would forget my own-born boy as soon!"

Georgia caught the soft, black hand in her own fevered fingers.

"I wouldn't wound you, my good old Amber; you have been too faithful, too true, these long, lonely years. I am yearning for somebody—oh! some one to listen to me, to pity me, to comfort me, to believe me! Amber! Amber! don't people go crazy sometimes from trouble?"

She threw off the affghan in an impulse of feverish excitement, and sprang to her feet in restless eagerness. Amber gave a quick, anxious look in her face.

"To be continued—commenced in No. 298."

that she had no need as yet for requiring to be cashed.

She took out five hundred dollars and made it into a neat packet; then, in another parcel, she put five hundred more, with her hot, trembling fingers.

"If five hundred dollars will not induce me to leave you, forever, surely a thousand will. A thousand dollars only to let me alone! And Theodore Lexington would give a hundred times that much if I was where he believes Vincy to be—under the sod!"

In silence she permitted Amber to change her dress, and then she slipped the rolls of money in the pocket.

"Get my blue waterproof, and after I am gone lock both doors and admit no one—not that there is any danger of any one's troubling me, only I wish it. If Ida comes tell her I am sick. I am, heart-sick, nearly unto death."

Her great, woeful eyes looked almost unnatural as she glanced from under the hood of her waterproof; her hands trembled as she essayed to open the door, that Amber instantly fastened behind her.

She went silently down the side flight of stairs—one that no one used except on rare occasions that discovery was almost impossible; she opened the heavy oaken door that was only fastened with a bolt, parted the vines of smilax that crept luxuriously across a trellis in front of the door, and hurried along in the dense shadow of the house, until she was completely out of reach of detection from any of the doors or windows. Then she took to the lonely path, and in a moment entered the little kiosk that marked the entrance to the Willow Copse.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

elwee coming around the island directly toward them in a small canoe. The man seemed to be exerting his utmost strength with the paddle, for the canoe fairly leaped through the water. The paddle rose and fell like the winnowing of a bird's wing. The water parted in great rollers on either side of the prow of the boat, while a line of frothy ripples marked the course behind for several rods.

"Something's wrong, red-skins," said Kirby Kale; "whenever you see Bill Muckelwee in a hurry, you may know something's up."

They rowed leisurely along toward him, and in a few minutes they came to, together. "What's the matter, Bill?" questioned the officer, "are you running away?"

"Whew!" puffed the renegade, mopping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve—"gi'me—breath, gol—dash it—thunderation, gi'me breath!" he panted.

"What ails you, man?" asked Kale again.

"Whew—dash it! what are you fellers paddlin' round here—for, like a passel of ninnypoops—whew! I found their gals, and if I'd'a' had help they'd'a' been in our possession now. But the dashed-on hussies yanked out a small shootin' iron each, and thrustin' the pisht thing under my nose, solicited me to vacate my position in their canoe; and, gentlemen, I vacated in a dashed hurry. You may think me a coward by doin' so, but if you have been married, you know it is nothin' but bravado that'd a' kept me in the boat. I have been married, gentlemen, and I'll say right here that my wife has been married three times since we divorced, and every mother's boy of 'em sleeps 'neath the daisies to-day. So you see, I know something 'bout female natcher. When a woman draws a pistol or a broom on you, and observes something 'bout your retiring from her presence, you might as well retire. It's no use whinin'; an argyment in the shape of a pistol in a desperate woman's hand is conclusive, specially if she has the opposite side of the question. Dash take a woman, anyhow. They're the most necessary torture and bother that war ever inflicted on mankind. Any man'd be a dashed sight better off if he'd never seen a woman, and yet the dashed fools will be drawn toward the dod-dashed critters like as if they were a loadstone. As for me, gi'me a catamount, or gi'me death."

"Well, where are those girls now?" questioned Kale.

"I daresay they're aboard yonder brig—both of the dashed critters, red and white—wild-cat and painter."

Kirby Kale uttered a fearful oath.

"A pretty set of fools we're gettin' to be," he growled, savagely, "to let a boy have de-festus us for a week right along. All this trouble—the loss of yon brig and the escape of these captives, are all directly owing to that boy. And here we sit like a parcel of fools under the very muzzle of our own cannot in the hands of our enemy, both boy and girl lost."

"What boy you talkin' 'bout bein' lost, cap'n?" asked Muckelwee, a queer light flashing in his wicked eyes; "do you mean that dashed young Happy Harry devil?"

"Yes; we ran afoul of him awhile ago and mashed his canoe; he sprang out into the water and sunk, and to save our souls we can't find him dead or alive."

"Ho! ho! haw!" roared Muckelwee, slapping his knee and shaking his head in a paroxysm of merriment; "oh-ho, Lord dash it! if that arn't the best thing that I ever seed since the mule kicked Mrs. Muckelwee into the middle of the followin' week. Can't find that boy? Ho, ho, ho; dash my old picters, if that arn't the dee-lightfullest joke out! Why, Kirby Kale! that boy's within arm's reach of you this holy, sanctified minute. Just look over under the edge of your flaring old barge, and you'll see that owdacious young dare-devil cozily tucked away under there!"

Captain Kale leaned over the edge of the brig and peered under its flaring sides; and to his wonder and surprise, beheld the object of his late search concealed there within half an arm's reach of him. In an instant the whole truth flashed through his mind: when the boy rose to the surface he came up directly under the projecting side of the canoe unseen, and had been there, clinging on like a barnacle while the savages were paddling around in search of him.

"Oh-ho! my young imp!" hissed Kale, "your cunning and deviltry are worthy of a better cause; but, young man, you—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a cannon ball from the brig came skimming along the surface of the lake and struck the barge a little forward, cutting its end squarely off, and silversing the canoe in which Muckelwee was standing to splinters. One savage was killed outright, and all others in the boats were instantly plunged into the cold water.

No attention was given to Happy Harry, the author of their troubles, but, side by side, all battled the element that threatened their very existence.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### THE GIANT'S STORY.

HAPPY HARRY experienced no difficulty in keeping afloat upon the waves. He seemed as familiar with the waves as with the intricate mazes of the woods. He turned upon his back and appeared to move along as easily as if propelled by the volition of his will rather than by physical exertion.

Muckelwee shouted and spouted as though he were drowning. He called for help at the top of his lungs. Harry laughed at him, his clear, boyish voice pealing forth his enjoyment of the other's predicament.

"Oh, great, Lord dash it!" the struggling renegade blubbed, "if I only could hold get that young boy-devil I'd stain these waters with his blood—I'd squash him to thunder."

"Here I be," cried Harry, as he shot past the struggling villain, and kicked a sheet of water into his face, causing him to gasp for breath.

The man uttered a fearful oath as soon as he got his breath. It was all he could do toward avenging the insult. He had enough to do in fact, more than he could successfully accomplish, to keep above water.

Happy Harry, however, never considering the possibility of the failure of his strength before he could reach land, amused himself among his struggling enemies in a manner that reminded one of the sparrow fighting the hawks. He glided to and fro among them, now dousing a red-skin's head under water, pulling his scalp-lock, or throwing himself upon a broad, upturned back.

Kirby Kale came in for a share of the youthful Leander's persecutions. Harry took a position in front of the English captain and kicked the water into a perfect foam around him, enveloping the captain's head in a torrent.

Kale dared not open his mouth for fear of being strangled; he dare not attempt to seize the youth for fear he would have more than he could manage, and so he could do nothing but turn aside.

All looked away behind them, and to their surprise, discovered the invincible Billy Muck-

Thus matters lasted for some time when a succession of waves began rolling over the swimmers. They came down from the northeast. Harry glanced along the surface of the water, and to his joy and surprise saw the brig "Scout," bearing down upon them. On board he could distinguish the tall form and long, white whiskers of his giant friend, Long Beard.

The youth threw up his hand and shouted. A moment later he saw a boat lowered and six armed men, under Lieutenant Philip Reeder, put out toward him. Kale saw the enemy approaching but neither he nor Muckelwee attempted to get away. Captivity to them was better than drowning.

"Great, hoppin' hornits, lieutenant!" exclaimed Harry as the boat approached, "you are just in time to help us folks out of this predicament. I like cool, moist atmosphere, but there's too much dampness here for me. That's friend Muckelwee who seems to be enjoying it hugely, and that's Cap. Kale and a few red Johnny-jump-ups that are playin' around like a school of whales; they are, for a sober fact."

The boat advanced and picked Harry up amid shouts of joy from the lips of the soldiers. The Kirby Kale, Muckelwee and the savages were also picked up, when the boat headed for the brig.

Kale was sullen and morose, as were the Indians also. Muckelwee was cross as a sick bear. His tongue clashed almost incessantly, and he exhausted his vocabulary of anathemas upon the head of Happy Harry, ever and anon rounding off a peroration with a crack of his huge fist in the palm of his other hand.

"Birds' feathers droop when they git wet, don't they, Huckelberry?" replied Harry, with a smile, "but you'll be in a worse plight than this afore another day. You remember t'other night, when you betrayed a certain young Captain Rankin into savage clutches, and got us all into a sliamm' big fight?"

"Curse the fates," growled the renegade. "I fel in hopes you had gone where that cursed Yankee cap'n went to."

"Whar was that, Muck?"

"To the devil," was the laconic reply.

"You're surely mistaken, else he didn't find you at home, for Captain Rankin is aboard you bring this holy minute; he is, for a straight-out fact."

Muckelwee glanced involuntarily toward the vessel, and a perceptible pallor overspread his countenance.

"It's a mortal fact, Huckelberry, and the captain's been whetin' his vengeance for several days, and I don't suppose a hundred men can prevent him from goin' through you like a dose of lead. I hate to see such a noble specimen of manhood demolished just to gratify a selfish vengeance."

"You do rod-dit little hypocrite! you'd like to see me exterminated," replied the renegade, furiously; "you tried to drown me, that off if he'd never seen a woman, and yet the dashed fools will be drawn toward the dod-dashed critters like as if they were a loadstone. As for me, gi'me a catamount, or gi'me death."

"Well, where are those girls now?" questioned Kale.

"I only doused a little water in your face to wash it; but the dirt on it is like the stain on your soul—can't wash it off; has to be burnt off with judgment fire."

Muckelwee fairly shivered at these words, that seemed strangely prophetic; then he ground his teeth and hissed a fearful malediction upon the head of the boy.

A few moments later they ran alongside the brig, and further words between the two enemies—the fight between the sparrow and the hawk—were prevented.

In a few minutes all were aboard the brig, the prisoners being confined in chains along with their confederates captured the previous night.

Happy Harry was rejoiced to meet Tempy aboard the brig, and happily surprised to be greeted by the proud caresses of his dog Belshazzar, who had been picked up by the brig a few minutes previous.

The youth became the recipient of innumerable thanks and commendations from those aboard the boat. To him was owing all their escapes from danger, and their success—in fact, their very lives were owing to him.

To his surprise as well as relief, the lad learned that Eleelah had quitted the brig soon after having seen Tempy safely aboard.

By this time Captain Rankin was able to be about, and spent most of his time on deck. He and Tempy had a long chat alone, and when their interview ended it was with reluctance that they parted. Of course he had said nothing to her of his love. He desired that a longer acquaintance should develop each one's feelings more fully, as well as the general character of each.

And now that all were aboard the brig, Long Beard set sail for the nearest port of safety. The wind being favorable, they ran along rapidly toward the southwest.

Happy Harry moved about deck with his faithful dog at his heels, enjoying the sail and the cool breeze, and watching the foamy waters around the boat.

He was standing aft alone, his eyes bent downward on the seething track of the boat, when Long Beard approached him unseen, and laying his hand upon the lad's shoulder, said:

"My boy, what are you thinking about?"

"Great hornits, general! I'm thinkin' 'bout what a gol-slashin' time we've had the last two weeks. It been right out of one trouble into another just as fast as a feller could keep up. I don't see how we ever got through, unless we were under the especial protection of heaven."

"We have, without a doubt, Harry," replied the giant, "and we should not forget to return our sincere thanks to our Great Protector. I have been persecuted all my life, and yet I daily receive blessing from on high."

"Yes, Big Beard, I know you have been a persecuted man. I always said so, and you said so too once—the night of the rumpus on the island. And I b'lieve you said you'd tell me all about it sometime."

"Yes, I did, Harry; and since you have mistrusted something of the truth, and been such a friend, too, I want you to know for whom you have been running such perilous risks. My real name is Albert Hancourt, Earl of Hancourt, England. I belong to the best families of that country, Harry, and when a young man I loved Lady Emily Grafton, daughter of Lord Grafton, and she loved me. We were betrothed, when a rival came in for her hand, claiming it upon 'matters of state.' His name was Sir Thomas Kalsington. He was a reckless profligate, discarded by all society except his own class. He warned me that if I stood between him and Lady Emily what the consequence would be, and threatened that if I married her he would never cease to visit his persecutions upon me; and well he kept his word. By one of the most ingenious pieces of chicanery known to the legal jurisprudence of England, I was disinherited of all my possessions. Then I was arrested for an offense of which I am as innocent as you are, Harry, but the penalty of which was death. By some technicalities in the legal proceedings, delay after delay of the trial ran

my arrest into four years imprisonment, during which time my wife, the fair Lady Emily, died of a broken heart. My daughter Margery was then a bright, accomplished girl of seventeen, and Tempy a mere child. And now, what next shoul' the monster Kalsington do but go to Margery with falsehood in his mouth and represent to her that he held a power over the courts that could obtain her father's release on certain conditions—that of relationship with my family. He told her he loved her, and that if she would marry him he would be empowered, under the laws, to defend her father.

"Margery loved her father and was willing to make any sacrifice for my release, but I would rather have seen her die, and myself executed, than see her wed that man. But, of course, she was shut off from all communication with me, and I knew nothing of what was going on. She married him, and for a year or so he made her believe he was working for my release, when, in fact, he was drawing the chains tighter. But when she found out his deception, she became desperate, and set to work herself to affect my liberty. Enlisting the sympathy of a number of Kalsington's servants, she went to the prison where I was confined, and forcing an entrance, effected my release. That same night we put to sea—Margery, Tempy, and I. We embarked in an open boat, and kept in the course of an American vessel, which Margery ascertained would leave for home on the following morning, in hopes of being picked up by it, and so we were. The crew of the vessel had not learned of my escape, nor the reward offered for my recapture, before leaving port, so we were carried safely over to America. That was three or four years ago, and during our voyage across the sea, we were hailed by a British cruiser which informed the American captain that he wished to search his vessel for British subjects, but the American having the pluck to refuse them the privilege of searching their vessel, and being able to stand up to their refusal, the Englishman went on, and we escaped. For some length of time this insult to American vessels continued, I will say, by the way, until it resulted in this very war.

"Well, the English government offered two thousand pounds reward for the arrest of the Earl of Hancourt and his two daughters. The same notice gave a description of us, the time we escaped, and in fact the minutest particulars. But, hidden away here among the lonely Pleiades Islands, we have lived in comparative peace and safety these years of exile. But now the serpent of evil has again entered my Eden."

"Gracious hornits! I b'lieve you, general; and I'll bet I can put my heel on that serpent's head."

"You can, without a doubt."

"I believe Kirby Kale is the snake."

"He is—he is Sir Thomas Kalsington."

"Your persecutor and the husband of Margery!"

"The same, Harry."

"Well, govenir, it will be an easy matter to stop that villain's persecutions. Here's a rope plenty of good, strong hemp, and there's the brig's yard-arm, that would make a splendid place to hang him to."

"Harry, I want nobody's blood upon my hands. Amid all my long sufferings I have done nothing evil, not even sought to avenge my wrongs, and I want to continue perfectly upright in the sight of God. Kale is a prisoner of war, and I shall turn him over to the American authorities and let them deal with him as they see fit."

"You are a magnanimous enemy, general," replied Harry; "if we'd fall out, I wouldn't be a bit afraid of you. But how does Margery feel toward Kale?"

"She despises him—will not speak to

# Saturday Journal

*Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.*

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, may address their letters to the office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00  
" " one year \$3.00  
" " two years \$6.00

In all cases, remittances to be careful to give address in full—County and Town. The paper is always shipped, promptly, at the expense of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAXE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best way to send money, as it will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Jack Harkaway Rivalled!

To commence in our next number,

## FERGUS FEARNAUGHT;

OR,

## The Boys of New York.

A STORY OF THE BY-STREETS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROLL, THE  
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

The Boys of New York—their ways, habits, haunts—their strange life and modes of securing a living—their odd language and odder sports by day and sources of occupation by night—give to this

Most Delightful of Story-Tellers

a most genial subject, where the creations of a fertile fancy are more than paralleled by the realism of the life and the perfect individualism of the characters which these *gamins* and "Arabs" offer. In the hero of that romance we are presented with

A NOTED KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE CURBS, a boy celebrated equally for his spirit, his beauty, his integrity and his intelligence, yet a very prince of street vagabonds, a familiar with only street characters, and in whose comings and goings we are brought face to face with much of the queerest, strangest phases of the unrecorded life of the Great City, introducing, beside Fergus,

"Cockroach," the Bootblack,  
"Knockemhigher," the Butcher-boy,  
"Rowdy Rube," the Fighting Newsboy,  
"Loose Lemons," the Pawnbroker's Son,  
Little "Ben Gummy," the Italian Fiddler,  
Clint Styesant, the Boy with the Stamps,  
"Ragged Terry," the Curbstone Gambler,

all of whom are types of the rascallions and Bedouins who confront you everywhere in the great metropolis. These seeming outcasts and apparent vagabonds are by no means a to-be-despised and condemned class, as this story will, in its delineation to the life, show. They are a peculiar race from whom graduate many a good business-man—whoes hard, rough and terrible fight with fate oftentimes only serves, as in the case of Fergus, to bring out truly heroic qualities. Fergus is a waif, around whose history there is a mystery which the romance develops, involving persons of influence and wealth; and in unraveling the mystery we have a

Story of Deepest Interest and Excitement, wherein the Lovely Woman of the Icy Heart, and Little Fleda, the Girl of the Tenement, are deeply-concerned participants.

It is by far Mr. Aiken's most telling and taking romance, and one which all who love stories of real life will read with unalloyed delight!

## Sunshine Papers.

### A Trip Out of Town.

I INTENDED introducing you, to-day, to a representative bundle-tier of the female persuasion, if she could be found, and some representative daily travelers. But, as I had occasion to take a brief hundred-mile trip to one of the bleakest domains of our State, I decided to ask you to accompany me, and make the acquaintance of these occasional travelers, my fellow-passengers. There are not many of them.

The car is uncomfortably warm, and not at all new in appearance. Indeed, one might imagine it had grimly stood aside in some dark corner to watch the innards of new inventions and patents, until, at length, indignant with the frivolities of glaring velvets, spring-seats, fancy racks, steam-heating apparatus, patent ventilators, and artistic frescoes, it had forced itself again upon the company's use with a stern and uncompromising display of its strength and durability, and experience and superiority generally "to them new-fangled kind of cars."

Like most old foggies, it seems to take fiendish delight in its general uncomfortable unlikeness to what we are more accustomed. But the conductor, with a kindly forgetfulness of modern women's entire ability to paddle their own canoe, conveys us and ourshaw strap—you know we should forswear our sex if we traveled without a bundle—to as nice a seat as the dingy conveyance affords, and we are established about the center of the car. And this suggests a trick well-known to regular railroaders, and that is worth any one's remembering who has a long distance to ride by rail. The middle cars of a train, and the central seats of cars, are the best places to choose for easy journeying, because the least motion of the train is felt near its center, and the least jar of the wheels at the middle of the car. Also, my *compagnons du voyage* may like to know that they can open a window, and not be annoyed by dust or cinders by placing a book under it uprightly, nearest the engine, and projecting a trifle from the car.

Well, are we safely ensconced in our places? Now for a look about us. A family occupy two seats back of us—a family of four, with traps enough for a dozen; traditional big bundle,

little bundle and bandbox, beside unclassified bundles, wraps, baskets and paper-bags full of provisions. They are country people, who have been to town to spend the holidays. The father is a meek individual, who appears to fully appreciate the honor done him by his buxom wife when she consented to occupy that position. She is a woman who should have been a man, or have been born a half century later. She is endowed with such executive ability. Just note with what supreme calm she reads the daily paper amid the clamoring of her two fractious offspring, and issues her commands to her assistant. "Mr. Jones, just give Walter a cracker." "Mr. Jones, why don't you put down that weekly and take Emma's cloak off?" "Mr. Jones, the children want those picture-papers. How can you be wanting to read them?" "Mr. Jones, just take the seat back and let Emma sit by me." "Mr. Jones, give the children some candy." And he, too, is a man ahead of the times. He obeys all his spouse's mandates, while she reads the chances of a third-term policy, with a becoming humility that makes him a model man for the twentieth century. Strange some will will insist upon being introduced into the world prematurely. Ah, Mr. Jones is collecting the traps now, and the admirable Mrs. Jones is reluctantly folding her paper. Good-by.

EVE LAWLESS.

We observe girls tolling their very lives out in shop and factory, and not getting much more than enough to eke out a living, yet who are not willing to live in a family where they would have enough to eat and would be able to lay up a few dollars. Their pitiful excuse is that they would not have the same liberty in house-service that they now enjoy. Well, to me their "liberty" seems very limited, and they are enjoying that liberty at the cost of their health. How much liberty does one have who is at the mercy of a hard task master, and who is only too anxious to find you for every tardy moment, and for every piece of real or imaginary poor work. Liberty! Bah!

—EVE LAWLESS.

What a level of farm-lands, blocked out with interminable lengths of rail-fences, we are rushing through! Nature within the car is quite as interesting as outside of it, just now.

Have you noticed that Miss in the seat ahead of us, in the navy-blue cassimere suit, with its silk trimmings, and the charming little hat and dark gloves? Pretty, isn't she with her fair, wavy hair, bound in a looped braid at the back? There is a certain style and quiet of manners about her that bespeak her well-bred. She is absorbed in a book, and the panorama of flying woodlands and meadows, alternately; but pays no heed to any one around her. She is going to some quiet village where a favorite aunt or grandparent lives, to take a package or two before she returns to some distant school.

And that lady with the child, a few seats in front, is going where her own childhood, not so very long past, was spent, to show the little one to Grandma. What a tiny mischief it is, to be sure. That man across the aisle is alluring it to him with the display of a pocket-compass. Is he a sea-faring man? His face is brown enough, but his hands are too white. He has won the little maiden now, and claims her affection with lead pencils, gold penholder and case, keys, pocket-map, etc. He has a roll of illustrations and a sachet; evidently an "agent," a kindly man, and fond of chil-

dren. A man across the aisle rolls up his coat-collar and pulls down his cap, and sleeps like a big bear. Another man is suggestive of a rambling animal; he chews his cud and looks with innocent eyes into space. An American madam of African descent sits so erect, with her hands clasped plausibly in her lap, anxiety and importance depicted upon her countenance, that the great hoops of gold at her ears hard stir.

Oh, dear! sand and pine-wood for miles and miles. A depot at last. Bless us! here comes a family party—father, mother, son and daughter! Never! A daughter-in-law. That young man's face betrays him a bride-groom; he looks so guilty, just as if he felt that everyone could see he had been committing some supreme folly. But Pa and Ma beam with satisfaction, and the bashful-looking bride is evidently going to a welcome home.

A long, shrill whistle, a ringing bell, a broad expanse of water, quivering blue and bright under the winter sunlight—here we are!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## OBSERVATIONS.

WHAT curious ways some people have of doing things, whether from want of thought or knowledge we cannot tell. I have seen people dilly-dallying over a dining-room that need sweeping until the hour for a meal would come round, and then, when the eatables were all upon the table awaiting the arrival of the eaters, the broom would commence its work, regardless of the dust that settled on the edibles. I don't think this dust add any to the flavor of the dishes; it is certainly not a sign of cleanliness, and she must be a sloven, indeed, who practices it. Yet it is done, and done too often to be passed over without some note or comment. Yes, my dear, and it is done, too, by those very persons who would have you imagine them to be paragons of neatness. I have also observed that another time taken for sweeping is when you are making pie-crusts and waiting for the oven to heat. Of course, everybody knows that dust cannot stick to dough. If people do not know that, then they must like dust and dough better than I do. I am like the man who finds flies in his molasses, and told the waiter if it was his duty to eat flies and molasses he preferred to have them separate, and that is my idea of pie-crust and dust.

I've noticed that some people will dust a room entirely before, instead of after sweeping, and I could never understand the reason. It remains an inexplicable mystery to me. If the world is actually going backward, as some people would have us believe, this may be one proof of it. "What becomes of the dust that alights on the furniture after sweeping?" asks some good housewife. I suppose it is left until the next day of broom exercise, and then carefully removed before the broom begins its work.

Here is another observation of mine. Last summer a young man called at our homestead with spectacles to sell; he had about a dozen pairs, and the highest price he asked for any of them was fifty cents a pair; so, you perceive, he could not have made a very lucrative living. He was strong, hearty, the personification of health—if his looks did not belie him, and seemed fit to work hard for a living. What puzzled me was this. It seemed strange that he was willing to follow business that yielded him so little when farmers were willing to give men two dollars a day and their board, and the supply scarcely met the demand. My tongue was just itching to put that question to him, but I don't always say what I think, although I am usually quite crazy to do so. Perhaps farming was not quite nice enough work for him; it might not have suited his aristocratic notions. Or, maybe he was independent, and peddled spectacles for amusement. Now, if such were really the case, he must have been one of the easiest persons to amuse that I have ever heard of.

I have also noticed that those persons who are great believers in signs are the least inclined to heed the warnings of dangers. If two knives are crossed at table it is a sure sign of a quarrel; if the salt-cellars are upset there will be enemies in the household, and if thirteen sit down at table one of the number

will die before the year is out. Why don't they pay attention to the warning that if you will persist in wearing paper-soled boots of a wet day you might as well be securing a lot in some graveyard, for they are a pretty sure sign that death is not a great many years off; or, that tight boots are a forerunner of corns. There are a number of "signs" that you will not find in the dream-book, which, nevertheless, are so true and sure "to come to pass" that they would make the dream-book frightfully earnest and practical.

We observe girls tolling their very lives out in shop and factory, and not getting much more than enough to eke out a living, yet who are not willing to live in a family where they would have enough to eat and would be able to lay up a few dollars. Their pitiful excuse is that they would not have the same liberty in house-service that they now enjoy. Well,

they are the only ones made her the most beautiful woman in Paris. She is a delicate, sharp-featured, wrinkled, and her ebony hair is now streaked with gray, which she does not try to disguise. She is a bit resolute, and still ambitious, yet—but if her son becomes decrepit all hopes of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty must perish forever. It would be a blessed thing for France if all the Bonapartists, Orleansians, and Napoleonic candidates for the throne were knocked in the head.

—CHARLES DICKENS said that "the first revelation of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties tomorrow or the day after." And Charles Dickens hit the nail on the head when he said it. This dry-rot affects not men alone but women, too. A woman who knows no usefulness at all, and lives an idle, dawdling life is sure to be decaying at heart. The bustling, busy, energetic woman, who ever and always has something to do, and how to do it, is not troubled with the disease of dry-rot. The skin of all fruits is indigestible, and unless thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juices. The peeling of apples and pears should be rejected, so also the skin of all other plum tribe.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

—A Touch of Rheumatism.

I AM sorry to say that I am in the hands of one of the largest full-grown rheumatics that ever got a grip on a mortal man.

I think in the first place it was coaxed by a slight cold which I took by going out without a handkerchief the other day—I have been so accustomed to wearing one in my pocket.

It first took me by the right hand, and not very gently, either, and then it went up my arm. You may know just how severe it was when I tell you that when I was asked for money I couldn't bend my arm to reach into my pocket for my pocket-book. This was a very serious misfortune, and caused me a great deal of anguish, but I learned to bear it as well as I could, and I can stand a good deal.

I could not sleep. It made me lie awake all night and growl at my wife, and it was very inconvenient in day-time, for I was obliged to lay my boy across my knee and spank him with my left hand, which wasn't so used to it as my right.

I never had anything to hurt me so since my father used to take me into the cellar with a switch where we could have the fun to our selves.

You could put your hand on my coat-sleeve and the pain was so severe you couldn't keep it there one-half minute; it came clear through. I almost wished that arm had been honorably lost in the war. That arm hurt me all the way from the shoulder to Philadelphia, in a way which was all my most bitter enemy could desire. I never had anything to hurt my feelings half so bad. I began to see where I had made a mistake in not having a wooden arm. If I could have put it in a sling I would have slung it away.

I used to sit up nights and take that arm in my lap and tenderly nurse it for hours, although I never trotted it much—not much, I didn't.

I couldn't work my elbow any more than I could work the elbow of a stove-pipe, and it was just stuffed full of ashes and bulged out. I was mad at everybody a good deal more than all the time, and so much out of humor that I could hardly stand it. I have made a good deal more than all the time, and so much out of humor that I could hardly stand it. I have made a good deal more than all the time, and so much out of humor that I could hardly stand it.

I tell you what is a fact, when I would hang my coat on the wall the right sleeve would be seen scragging and drawing out of shape from the pains which were left in it, and I would be obliged to shake it before I hung it up.

If I could have lain that arm up on the mantelpiece when I went to bed at night it would have been a blessed, a very blessed thing.

I tried every liniment; nothing would do a bit of good, except brandy and cold water—one was applied externally—until I banded the arm with last year's medical almanacs and then the rheumatism left; that is to say it jumped from my arm on to my back, and done too often to be passed over without some note or comment. Yes, my dear, and it is done, too, by those very persons who would have you imagine them to be paragons of neatness. I have also observed that another time taken for sweeping is when you are making pie-crusts and waiting for the oven to heat. Of course, everybody knows that dust cannot stick to dough. If people do not know that, then they must like dust and dough better than I do. I am like the man who finds flies in his molasses, and told the waiter if it was his duty to eat flies and molasses he preferred to have them separate, and that is my idea of pie-crust and dust.

I kicked an insurance agent out of the house, upset the stand and looked cross at my wife, but all this did not effect a cure. I seemed to be tied up in a double knot, and I despaired of ever being untied.

I had more misery to the square minute than I ever imagined in a whole hour.

A mustard-plaster couldn't draw that rheumatism and a sketcher couldn't sketch it.

I looked around and tried to find a cheap man who would buy me at a great discount on the original cost.

I was advised to go to a water-cure, but I had been once there and got so thoroughly cured of water that it almost threw me into the hydrophobia to look at it. Some told me to go to California, others to Florida; my wife said if I didn't stop grunting and growling I might go to Sing Sing with her permission, for she said between the rheumatism and me she would prefer the former, but I could not get my back up at the remark.

I tried all the remedies in the known world and a few from the unknown, and at last chased it into my left shoulder; then I ran it into my left ankle and couldn't kick at anybody with that foot, nor stand on that to kick with the other, so you see I was in a very uncomfortable position.

It was the most exciting chase that ever occurred on this continent, even in the time of the Indians. It ran up and down me, almost destroying my physical system, and my moral system, besides reducing my religion twenty per cent.

My wife's relatives said there was no living at my house, and went so far as to threaten to pack their trunks if I didn't quiet down; but that was about as far as they went.

Finally I managed to get that rheumatism in my mouth, and spit it out to my great joy and relief.

There is no use of making any bones over the rheumatism.

I used to be well versed in mathematics, numerics, etc., but the study of rheumatism beats them all.

I am able to eat three meals a day now, but hope in time to improve.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

—Mr. Will C. Carlton, writing on from Washington, has to say:

"Allow me, at the close of this year, to express to you my thanks for having for three years in reading your paper. I have a large collection of the stories published in it, and every one of the stories now in existence in the U. S., and have at last settled down to the belief that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is not surpassed or even equalled by any other paper."

There is no use of making any bones over the rheumatism.

I used to be well versed in mathematics, numerics, etc., but the study of rheumatism beats them all.

I am able to eat three meals a day now, but hope in time to improve.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

**TRANSIENT JOYS.**

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Transient as the clouds of summer  
All my joys do stray from me,  
Like the sweetness which a flower  
Gives unto the truant bee;

So the sweetness of my bower,  
It remains and goes from me,

Transient as the clouds of summer.

Like the hurrying of a stream  
All my gladness from me flows;  
While it gives murmurs, I give sighs,  
On my cheek grows pale the roses,  
And sorrow's tears come to mine eyes  
While each fairy vision goes  
Like the hurrying of a stream.

Slow as clouds of winter vanish  
Do my pains of sorrow go;  
Darkening every smiling gleam;  
Ever rests the gloomy shadow  
Long like winter's frozen stream,  
Then with the morn go,  
But like clouds of winter vanish.

**A Loyal Heart.**

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

**PAULINA RUSSELL LION!**

The fair cheek of Lionel Somers flushed visibly.

He had a complexion like a woman's, but that was the only effeminate feature about him.

For the rest, he was a good-looking young fellow with a golden beard and sunnyside blue eyes, and an erect carriage to his six feet of stalwart manhood, and a simple honesty of nature which made him a favorite with men and women alike.

It was that trait which first attracted Vint Rivers, himself *blaise* at thirty, a cynic who found no good thing upon the earth. He took a liking to the young fellow, which was half pity for him. He thought that fresh, buoyant nature of his must lose by contact with the world, that he must find how hollow its pretensions were, and come at last to being artificial himself like all the rest of it. Lion answered that shocked exclamation in a tone half-defiant, half-deprecating.

"She is a lovely girl and a true artist. I will have gained the crowning blessing of my life; if I am denied that I will still be a better man, if a sadder one, for having known her. Oh, Vint! Vint Rivers!" passionately, "if you are as truly my friend as I have believed you, stand by me in this as I would stand by you if the case was reversed."

"But this is worse than I apprehended for you, Lion—that you have fallen a prey to that woman. Have you thought at all? Little need of asking. When did a man ever think where doing so might save him?"

"How bitter you are and how cruelly prejudiced! You do not know Paulina. When you see her once you will understand better."

"She bears the reputation of being as fatal as she is brilliant, as ambitious as she is heartless. She has talent of a high order and she has perverted it. She has shown what she can do in the more elevated fields of art, yet she devotes herself to portrait-painting, in which she does not excel. She is extortionate in her demands and miserly in her habits, in all except self-expense where her extravagance is notable. She is a woman whose name is in every man's mouth, whose very charms that have allure you are freely discussed in public places; places where the fairest reputation cannot be handled and escape unnoticed."

"So it would seem since you have received such an impression. I repeat, you do not know her. I will not be angry if you will go to Mrs. St. Gerard's with me and be undeceived."

"My dear Lion, I renounced party-going along with other youthful follies ages ago."

"But this is not an ordinary party, Vint; it is a gathering of celebrities among whom you will not be bored. I have faith in your discrimination; I want you to see her and tell me what I lack to make me more worthy of her regard."

"Is your case so bad as that? Then I will go, but I tell you, frankly, it is in the hope of disenchanted you. You deserve a better fate than to be numbered among the victims of Paulina Russell; all the more a victim if you should chance to be a favored one."

I have said that Vint Rivers was *blaise* at thirty, but he was also rich and had both tact and talent; so he was welcomed with *empressement* by Mrs. St. Gerard, who had a penchant for lions and was pleased to consider him one. Not that he had ever done anything to warrant that honorable supposition, but it was conceded that he might have attained greatness had he desired. Questioned by Miss Russell regarding him, the hostess gave that information as she asked and obtained permission to present him, and the gentleman, standing near, overheard.

"I do not claim recognition on my own merits," he said, smilingly, when the ceremony was over. "I trust Miss Russell may receive me better as Lionel's friend."

"As Lionel's friend I have been desirous of meeting Mr. Rivers."

The undue emphasis and the seeming frankness of that speech disconcerted him. Did she suspect with what motive that friendship had led to his seeking her? Her face gave no sign.

Lion would esteem himself honored by your preference, and I am tempted for the first time to envy him. I might be tempted to rival him if I dared hope it would avail."

She gave a childishly petulant gesture, then laughed outright. "Pardon my rudeness," she said, "but I dislike platitudes, while compliments are only permissible where they are sincere."

"As Lion's are," he was provoked into saying.

"As Lion's are," she repeated, lifting steady, it seemed a searching, glance to his face.

It was uncomfortable ground for Mr. Rivers.

"Do you know," said he, a little awkwardly, "I have both known and admired you—sincerely, Miss Russell—in 'Enchanting Distance'?"

Instantly her face softened.

"It is my best work," she said. "I like to think that I rendered the subject faithfully!"

"You did. The one side of the mountain spur with its trees like waving ferns, its foaming, broken cascade and golden tints breaking the blue haze is deliciously suggestive of coolness and peace, while the travelers struggling up the other side, climbing almost perpendicular heights in the blinding heat, with flesh and clothing torn by the brambles, stumbling over reptiles and beset by clouds of gnats, make a strong contrast. They have overcome the distance and found the reality. I wonder," he said, abruptly, "that you ever abandoned landscape painting after making one such success."

"Because, like my travelers, I live in reality. They are gold-hunters, so am I. Fame

is a very pleasant thing in prospective, Mr. Rivers, but I prefer plenty in the present, and so work for money instead. Speaking of fame, has not Lion a promising future before him?"

"The future is always more promising than certain, I fancy."

"He has genius, he has application; and there is everything in concentrating one's thoughts upon a grand object. You, as his friend, should urge him to let no other consideration come between his heart and his work."

"No consideration?" asked Rivers, pointedly.

"None," said Miss Russell. Was this woman, who he had heard it said never spared a victim, really warning Lion through him to keep his thoughts free of her? Next moment he smiled at his own crudity. She knew him to be Lion's friend, and divined that his influence would be exerted against herself; this was a clever feint to disarm his opposition.

Mr. Rivers had come to Mrs. St. Gerard's for no other purpose than to study Miss Russell, and all his observations tended to confirm him in the opinion he had already formed of her. He gave it to Lion in rather uncompromising terms when the two met later in the evening.

"You are determined to do her injustice," said the latter, disappointedly.

"I fancy I could prove to you the justice of all I assert if I were so minded. Tell me, will this folly of yours stop at nothing short of seeking her as your wife?"

"I will win her as such if it be in my power."

"If she marries you it will be because no richer rival presents himself. Believe it or not, I could go in and cut you out myself if I chose."

"It is possible. Oh, I know I am not worthy such a prize," cried the love-smitten young fellow, in all humble sincerity. "And you, Rivers, you are a polished man of the world, and you have a heart in you, though you take so much trouble to convince yourself and others that you lack one. If you should fall in love with Paulina I should despair indeed."

"I fall in love with her," echoed Rivers, with a scornful laugh at that stupendous joke. "Your wits have gone wool-gathering, sure enough. Besides, love is not the thing which will prevail with your enchantress. I have more money than you have, and there lies my sole advantage. What do you say to my making the trial?"

"I have no power to prevent it; I wish I had," said Lion, moodily. "Heaven knows I have had no encouragement from her. If she were really what you think her, Vint, she would not seek to discourage me as she has done."

"The artifice of a clever woman. She knows you well enough to be sure that simulated indifference on her part will add fuel to your flame; and if, meantime, that richer party appears in the field, you will be the first to exonerate her for throwing you over in the end. She is astute; she does not lose the opportunity of making friends of her victims."

Lion was turning his back upon his friend in disgust, when his glance fell upon Miss Russell herself, standing near them. Rivers' hand touched his shoulder, and he looked smilingly into the young man's face.

"The situation does not require that expression of dismay. She is talking with Cadwallader, you see; she has not overheard us. And don't look so vexed, Lion. If I have spoken plainly, give me credit for good intentions. It is because I have your welfare at heart that I intend to test the stuff of which your enchantress is made. I would rather not see the mercenary coquette I think her to be for my friend's wife, and the event will prove if I have misjudged her."

It was in that way Vint Rivers first came to affect the society of Paulina Russell. He accepted invitations to places where there was a probability of meeting her; he contracted a habit of dropping in at her studio, where an elderly companion was always in attendance during her working hours, and, considering that he was sacrificing his inclinations upon the altar of friendship, he did it with an admirable grace.

He puzzled him. Brilliant, piquant, charming, he was forced to acknowledge her from the first; but studying beneath the surface which blinded and attracted the man, he met with contradictions he could not reconcile. There were times when she seemed all noble and gentle and womanly; and suddenly, when his prejudice would be unconsciously melting away, when his sympathy would be touched in spite of himself, she would startle and chill him by some hard worldliness, some evidence of that consuming love of money which those who were not under the glamour confidently declared ruled her life. That she was hard and keen in her business transactions he was well aware; that she had some deep secret anxiety that wore upon her he grew to understand.

He studied her with the purpose of saving her from a dangerous and designing woman, and in ways known best to himself, by dint of unobtrusive but searching inquiry, and constant watchfulness, he made certain discoveries which he flattered himself must outweigh Lion's impetuous fancy.

The first was that among all the people who were glad to receive her not one knew anything of Miss Russell's antecedents. Her genius and achievements in art had won the homage which is commanded by merit and success—most particularly by success. The current story was that she had resided abroad from the time of her childhood until two years before, when she had returned and taken up her residence in New York, and this accounted for the fact that her two domestics were foreigners who could not speak a word of English. She never received visitors in her own apartments; her studio was her reception-room also. It was said, moreover, that the sound of strange disturbances was known to proceed at strange times from those apartments, and a shrewd fellow-lodger in the house gave Mr. Rivers his confidential opinion that Miss Russell had the very devil of a temper; that he was morally certain from what he had chanced to overhear that she had flown into a rage one night and beaten her maid, and the woman had a bruised cheek next day to show for it.

One day, when Rivers was giving an order to Vaux of the sample-room, a note was sent in which Max read, then turned to a subordinate:

"Send the usual quantity of Cognac, the genuine, mind! to No. 3009 — street, at once. Stay, deliver it yourself and take the bill. That is a prime article, Mr. Rivers, and it should be. It is scarcely exaggerating to say it is precious as liquid gold."

His interlocutor made some casual reply, and walked away feeling almost stunned. 3009 — street was Paulina's number; he knew the house and its inmates, and was convinced that the order had come from her. Lo! she was an inebriate. This explained much

which had puzzled him—her variable spirits, her haggardness at times, the mysterious disturbances, and the foreign domestics who could not gossip of the doings of their mistress were they so inclined.

But Lion, youthful hot-head that he was, refused absolutely to believe any evil of her.

"You have done your work as well as if your heart was in it," said he, bitterly. "But I am not convinced. From this time forth I shall follow the promptings of my own instinct, not your guidance," and was flinging himself out in a white fury when Rivers stopped him.

"Where are you going, mad boy?"

"To Paulina."

"For what purpose?"

"Come along and see if you like."

And the other went, discomfited and wondering, steeling himself for an encounter which he felt would not be a pleasant one. It was late in the day and the studio was closed, but Somers led the way straight to her house. The maid who came to the door shook her head and assured them in voluble French that her mistress could see nobody, but Somers strode past without heeding into the presence of Paulina herself, Rivers following close.

It was evident that Paulina had just entered; her wraps lay across a chair and she stood by the register, all the sparkling brilliancy gone out of her face and what seemed the shadow of some great sorrow or great care upon it. A startled cry broke from her lips at that uncerenous entrance, but Somers crossed the room impetuously and stood before her. He took both her unresisting hands in his, and looked straight into her dilated eyes.

"I love you," he said, with utter abruptness.

"Will you marry me, Paulina?"

She seemed incapable for the moment of giving any reply, but she glanced across at Rivers in mute surprise.

"I am aware that my presence is unseasonable," said he. "It is due to certain discoveries I have made regarding you, Miss Russell, which I imparted to Lionel for a reason you can readily divine, but which he refuses to receive."

She found voice then to ask in a breathless way—"What discoveries?"

Something made Rivers pitiless. Was it jealousy of Lionel, standing there and holding her hands and trusting her in spite of all? In a half-dozen cruel sentences he told of his espionage and its result. Strangely enough the knowledge did not wither her. She flashed him a look of intense scorn and replied cuttily:

"You have been engaged in an honorable enterprise, that of hunting an unfortunate woman down. It did not require this exhibition of many spirit to spare me the danger of being won by your fortune, Mr. Rivers. It is enough that I know you misjudge me; I have no vindication to make to you. And you, Lion, I will see again."

"Since it appears you overheard that unfortunate boast of mine made at Mrs. St. Gerard's," said Rivers, his voice quivering with anger, "I may be permitted to remind you that my avowed intention was not to win you, Miss Russell, but to save my friend. I must still believe that knowledge will have had its part in actuating the acceptance you will doubtless grant his suit."

"You are wrong," she said, steadily. "I may set your mind at rest on that score. I shall not accept him."

"Paulina?" This cry from Lion.

"It is true," she said, face and voice softening as she looked at him. "Mr. Rivers, stay! I have changed my mind. You shall both have the explanation which I meant to give Lion alone. You have accused me of being mercenary, addicted to drink, and possessed of a shamefully bad temper. Before I dispose of these accusations let me say that I can never accept Lionel, because I am already married."

"Oh, hush! let me tell you the whole terrible truth. I am married, and my husband is mad! It is true that I prize money and work hard for it, but it is to furnish him with the care and comforts he needs. He was always faithful and tender and loving to me; he sought me when I was poor and alone in the world and took me to his heart, gave me every advantage which wealth could procure, humored every whim of mine. He had never known stint, and when misfortune overtook him, when the knowledge of his ruin drove him mad, I could neither willfully abandon nor baselessly neglect him. The brandy, Mr. Rivers, is for him and used as a medicine. There are times when he is violent, and my poor maid who attends him suffers sometimes, but she loves me and serves me still."

"And you," cried Lion; "you too must suffer."

A spasm of pain crossed her countenance.

"I suffer, but I pray for strength to endure. He loves me and clings to me in his gentler moods; even when he is most violent I have the power to control and soothe him. I keep him with me, but I have concealed my marriage and my needs; I have feigned gayety and freedom, because in this way I could win greater returns for my work. I have submitted to admirers, because they were free with their golden favors and brought me the patronage I needed. But, it was never my wish to win a man's honest love, least of all, yours, Lion."

He turned from her with a sound like a strangled sob, and Vint Rivers, moved out of himself, penitent and remorseful, broke the face of Paulina.

"You could have the bond of marriage dissolved," he said.

"You do not know me if you think me capable of that. Ah, hark!"

There was a sudden commotion, a trampling of feet, and a sharp, terrified cry of "Madame! Madame!" A deadly paleness overspread the face of Paulina.

"Remain here!" she said, and darted from the room. Rivers was impelled to follow her despite that injunction, fearing he knew not what. And the sight he saw was this:

In the staircase gallery above, a man with the frenzy of demoniac madness distorting what had been a handsome face, and Paulina beside him, her hands clasped over his arm, her steady eyes upon his in a gaze which seemed to cow and rule him.

"If you were false I would kill you," the rapid, wild voice was saying.

"But I am not false, Herbert. Look at me, love; you can always read the truth in my eyes, you know."

"Oh, but eyes lie sometimes. I will not look, I will—Aha! traitress, I know you now." His roving glance had rested for one instant upon Rivers, and a lurid fury lit his face. He turned upon her, and what followed never ceased to haunt Vint Rivers to his dying day.

He saw her caught up and flung with all the strength of the madman; saw him snatch her again in his frenzy and dart away; saw him trip, and with his burden still in his arms, plunge headlong over the balustrade and fall

with a sickening thud on the marble floor of the hall beneath. He had broken his neck and was stone dead when they took him up; Pauline crushed and insensible, but still alive.

"I always feared this," said the physician who was summoned and who had been in her confidence. "I warned her of her danger; she fully realized it, but she was obstinate as only a woman could be. This is the result of sentimental nonsense and not having him in a straight-jacket.

"Will she die, doctor?"

"No power on earth can save her, I think."

Hearing that decision caused Vint Rivers the bitter agony of his life. In the light of the new knowledge he had gained he did not now try to conceal from himself

And all my friends have been quite well since I left, Erminie!"

"Yes, all. If you had arrived ten minutes sooner, you would have seen Pet. She has just gone."

"Well, I will shortly have that pleasure. How tall you have grown, and how you have changed since I saw you last, Erminie!"

He meant more the emphatic but undefined change from childhood to womanhood, than that of her looks. Perhaps Erminie understood him, for she said, laughing:

"Not for the worse, I hope. You, too, have changed, Master Ranty."

"Well, not much, I think; I have grown five or six feet taller, and my complexion has become a gentler brown; but, otherwise, I am the same Ranty Lawless I went away."

"A little quieter, I should hope, for the peace and well-being of the community at large. Do you still retain the high opinion had of yourself before you left?"

"Yes, slightly increased," said Ranty, who had now recovered all his customary nonchalance of manner. "There was a little lady out with us from England whose precious life I had the pleasure of saving; and with whose raven eyes and coal-black hair I would have fallen in love, but for the thought of a dear little blue-eyed fairy at home, who promised to wait for me until I could come back. Do you remember that promise, Erminie?"

"I only remember you were very absurd," said Erminie, laughing and blushing. "Don't talk nonsense; but tell me how you were so fortunate as to save the lady's life?"

"Well, one windy evening, a little before dark, this little Lady Rita, who by the way, though the haughtiest, sauciest young damsel I ever encountered, was quite courageous, came upon deck, and insisted on remaining there, in spite of all expostulations to the contrary. She was leaning over the side, and I was standing near, watching her, for want of something better to do, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch round. I heard a scream, and beheld the place where her little ladyship had lately stood vacant. I caught sight of her the next moment struggling in the waves; and, in a twinkling, I was in after her. Lady Rita, who had hitherto looked down upon me and all the rest of us with sublimest hauteur and vestal prudery, made not the slightest objection to be caught in my arms now; on the contrary, she held on with an energy that nearly strangled me. A boat was lowered, and we were fished up, clinging to each other, as if bound to hold on to the last gasp. Lady Rita, according to the incomprehensible custom of the female sex in general, faltered stone dead the moment she found herself in safety. It's interesting to faint, and I was looking round for a nice place to follow her example; but upon second thoughts I concluded I wouldn't. There were no nice young ladies round who understood my case; and to be tickled with burnt feathers, and be drenched with cold water by a lot of sailors, was not to be thought of. Lady Rita was carried to the cabin; and a great fuss and commotion reigned there for the next two or three hours, while I was taking life easy, smoking a cigar on deck. Then the earl, her 'parent,' made his appearance, and completely deluged me with gratitude and thanks, which stood like a hero, until the countess also came. Her tears and protestations of everlasting gratitude were a little too much, and I fled. I blush to say it, but I beat an inglorious retreat, for thank you things one easily gets a surfeit of."

"Why, Ranty, you have sailed in high company lately," said Erminie; "earl and countess—dear me! I begin to feel quite an awe of you."

"So you ought; and I hope you'll continue to cherish the feeling. But, Erminie, do you know—that, as you have never seen him, it's likely you don't—but you have the most wonderful resemblance to Lord De Courcy I ever behold in my life."

"Lord De Courcy!" exclaimed Erminie, growing pale as she remembered Keturah's fearful denunciations against all who bore that name.

"Yes, Lord and Lady De Courcy are at present in Washington City. The earl says he always felt a desire to visit this country; but, hitherto, circumstances prevented him. The countess is a lovely woman—one of the most beautiful, I think, I ever saw; and as good as she is beautiful, every one says."

"I have heard of her before," said Erminie, in a low, subdued tone. "Mr. Toosy pegs saw her many years ago, when he was in England. At least, I imagine it was her; for she was the wife of the old earl's son, and Mr. Toosy pegs says that since the death of his father he has been Lord De Courcy."

"Yes, so he has," said Ranty; "he was then Lord Villiers; but really, Minnie, your knowledge to him is quite wonderful."

"Well, it is not unusual for strangers to resemble one another; though I suppose I ought to feel flattered by looking in the remotest degree like one so great and distinguished," said Erminie, musingly. "I have heard so much about them from Mr. Toosy pegs, and—another, that my curiosity is quite excited. And their daughter—this Lady Rita—was that what you called her? By the way, Ranty, I never heard they had a daughter."

"Yes, they had two; the oldest died, I believe, when a child; and Lady Rita—well, some say she is not their daughter, but an adopted child. I don't know how that my be; though, certain it is, she does not look like either of them—not half so much as you do, Erminie. Both of them have very fair complexions, while Lady Rita is as dark as a creole. The countess, to be sure, has dark hair and eyes; but still her haughty little daughter does not resemble her in the least."

"Do they remain here long?" said Erminie, half musingly. "Oh, Ranty, how much I should like to see them!"

"Well, perhaps you may; in the overflowing of their gratitude, they made me promise to visit them *en famille*, while they remained; and if you'll only consent to keep your promise, and become Mrs. Lawless, why, you can come with me, and I know they will be delighted to welcome my wife."

"Nonsense, Ranty," said Erminie, a little impatiently, "how absurd you are! I am not to be accountable for your silly talk when we parted, I hope!"

"Well, all I have to say about it is, that there will be a case of 'breach of promise' up before the court one of these days, if you attempt to back out. Are you prepared to pay me five or six thousand dollars damages, as a plaster for my wounded feelings, may I ask, Miss Germaine?"

"As if your affections were worth one-tenth that sum, Mr. Lawless! Now, do be sensible, if you can, and tell me how long you are going to stay home."

"As to being sensible, Miss Germaine, I flatten myself I am that now; and my stay, or departure, must depend in a great measure on you."

"Now, Ranty, I shall get angry if you don't

stop being so nonsensical!" said Erminie, flushing slightly. "I did hope going to sea would have put a little sense into your head; but I perceive it has had quite a contrary effect. I wish you could see Ray. These six years have made him as grave and thoughtful as a judge. I expect he will be quite famous in his profession yet."

"Well, I wish him joy of it," said Ranty. "But how any man can reconcile it to his conscience to be a lawyer, while honest, straightforward piracy is flourishing in the South Seas, and old-fashioned, upright brigands infest the Pyrenees, is beyond my comprehension!"

He meant more the emphatic but undefined change from childhood to womanhood, than that of her looks. Perhaps Erminie understood him, for she said, laughing:

"Not for the worse, I hope. You, too, have changed, Master Ranty."

"Well, not much, I think; I have grown five or six feet taller, and my complexion has become a gentler brown; but, otherwise, I am the same Ranty Lawless I went away."

"A little quieter, I should hope, for the peace and well-being of the community at large. Do you still retain the high opinion had of yourself before you left?"

"Yes, slightly increased," said Ranty, who had now recovered all his customary nonchalance of manner. "There was a little lady out with us from England whose precious life I had the pleasure of saving; and with whose raven eyes and coal-black hair I would have fallen in love, but for the thought of a dear little blue-eyed fairy at home, who promised to wait for me until I could come back. Do you remember that promise, Erminie?"

"I only remember you were very absurd," said Erminie, laughing and blushing. "Don't talk nonsense; but tell me how you were so fortunate as to save the lady's life?"

"Well, one windy evening, a little before dark, this little Lady Rita, who by the way, though the haughtiest, sauciest young damsel I ever encountered, was quite courageous, came upon deck, and insisted on remaining there, in spite of all expostulations to the contrary. She was leaning over the side, and I was standing near, watching her, for want of something better to do, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch round. I heard a scream, and beheld the place where her little ladyship had lately stood vacant. I caught sight of her the next moment struggling in the waves; and, in a twinkling, I was in after her. Lady Rita, who had hitherto looked down upon me and all the rest of us with sublimest hauteur and vestal prudery, made not the slightest objection to be caught in my arms now; on the contrary, she held on with an energy that nearly strangled me. A boat was lowered, and we were fished up, clinging to each other, as if bound to hold on to the last gasp. Lady Rita, according to the incomprehensible custom of the female sex in general, faltered stone dead the moment she found herself in safety. It's interesting to faint, and I was looking round for a nice place to follow her example; but upon second thoughts I concluded I wouldn't. There were no nice young ladies round who understood my case; and to be tickled with burnt feathers, and be drenched with cold water by a lot of sailors, was not to be thought of. Lady Rita was carried to the cabin; and a great fuss and commotion reigned there for the next two or three hours, while I was taking life easy, smoking a cigar on deck. Then the earl, her 'parent,' made his appearance, and completely deluged me with gratitude and thanks, which stood like a hero, until the countess also came. Her tears and protestations of everlasting gratitude were a little too much, and I fled. I blush to say it, but I beat an inglorious retreat, for thank you things one easily gets a surfeit of."

"Surprise the household he did—at least all of them to be found—which were only the servants. The Judge was gone, and so was Pet."

"Why, Aunt Deb, Pet started for home nearly an hour ago," said Ranty, somewhat alarmed. "What can have become of her?"

"Lors! Mars'r Ranty, how de debil I know!" said Aunt Deb, who was given to profanity now and then. "Dar ain't neber no tellin' whar dat ar little limb pokes herself. She might be at dem old Bar'ms, or she might be gone to old Harry—"

"Old Harry!" interrupted Ranty, angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Why, oh Mars'r Harry Hatful; dar ain't no tellin' whar she is!"

"Well, that's true enough. I wish she were here, however. Perhaps she won't be back tonight," said Ranty, walking up and down the room, and whistling a sea air.

Aunt Deb bustled out to prepare supper, to which me our young sailor sat down alone, wondering, alternately, where Pet could be, and thinking of the witching, violet eyes of Erminie. Then, when it was over, he took up a book, to beguile time, hoping still to see Pet; but when eleven o'clock struck, he gave up the idea of seeing her that night, and retired to bed, to dream of Erminie.

As he had partaken of the evening meal along the evening before, so as he forced to sit *solo* at breakfast. Neither Pet nor the Judge had returned, nor were any tidings to be obtained of their whereabouts; and, after breakfast, Ranty immediately rode over to the Barrens.

In the cottage he found Ray, who had just returned, who was receiving an account of Ranty's arrival from the lips of Erminie, when the entrance of that young gentleman himself cut it short. Warm and hearty was the greeting between the two friends; for never brothers loved each other better than did they.

"I suppose Pet was in perfect ecstasies of delight at your unexpected return," said Erminie, taking her word and sitting down on her low rocking-chair by the window.

"Pet! why the little gadabout never was at home at all last night; and where the deuce to find her, I don't know."

"Not at home!" said Erminie, in surprise, "Why, where can she be then?"

"Well, Miss Germaine, that is just what I would feel very much obliged to you to tell me. It's very like looking for a needle in a haystack. I'm inclined to think, to go hunting for her. The best way is, to take things easy, and let her come home when she likes."

"Why, it is most singular," said Erminie. "I know she started for home, and took the road leading to Heath Hill. Perhaps she changed her mind, and went to the White S-

"Shrine dropped, like one suddenly stricken, into a seat, and hid her face in her hands. Brother and lover looked in each other's pale faces with an unspoken: "What next?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

are something worse than smugglers, I more than suspect. This smuggling, I fancy, serves but as a cloak for the far worse crime of piracy. I have heard that their leader—Captain Reginald, they call him—is one of the most reckless and daring desperados that ever made general war under the black flag; and those of his crew that I have seen roving about here, look to be cut-throats, savage enough for anything, from wholesale murder downward.

Great Heaven! if Petronilla should have fallen into their hands!" said Ray, pacing up and down in much agitation.

"But it cannot be, Ray; it is impossible, absurd, I tell you. Why, man, what could these buccaneers possibly want with Pet? A nice prize she would be for any one to take in tow!

"Then the first time I went out swimming, I got caught in the current, went through the gates, and got under the wheel. I was party tough in them days, and instead of getting mashed, I only got purty well squeezed; but it stopped the water-wheel, and took 'em a half-hour to get me out, and my father had to pay for that.

"Howsomever I got well myself, and a few days after fell out the third story winder; but I struck on the head of a colored gentleman that was passing. He had a new hat on, and it jammed it down over his eyes, so there was another difficulty, as my old gentleman had to pay for that.

"Then the first time I went out swimming, I got caught in the current, went through the gates, and got under the wheel. I was party tough in them days, and instead of getting mashed, I only got purty well squeezed; but it stopped the water-wheel, and took 'em a half-hour to get me out, and my father had to pay for that.

"When I went to school, the teacher said I had an amazin' talent, but it was a talent for making fires—and that's what he set me at; but the second time I undertook it, the stove upset and set fire and burned down the building. Nobody ever found it out, howsumever, as no one beside me seed it except the teacher, and he got up above it up before he could git out.

"So I got out of that difficulty very hand-some, but only to tumble into another, fur when I was in St. Louis, some thief in the crowd finding himself hard chased, took the money out the pocket-book and slipped the pocket-book in my pocket, and then grabbed me by the collar, and yelled, stop thief.

"That was about the same thing for me once," replied Nick, who took it all as a matter of course: "it's just like him, just like him."

"What are you going to do when he dies?" asked Ned, looking admiringly at the brute.

"I shouldn't consider myself safe a day, leadin' your life without him."

"I got him at the Selkirk settlement eight years ago, and I think he's good for several seasons yet; he's got plenty relatives there, and I'll hunt 'em out when he keels over, and take some of his nephews or descendants."

"You will keep him till he pegs out with old age?"

"Unless he goes, under afore; I expect, howsumever, that Calamity will be my dog when I git to heaven, for you can't make me believe that such dogs hain't got souls like the rest of us."

"Mackintosh had no wish to disturb the pleasant belief of the trapper, and so he let his assertion pass undisputed.

"How long do you suppose I have been sleeping?" he inquired.

"Well on to two hours; that is, if you dropped asleep purty soon after you left here."

"That I did, and it has done me good; I sorely needed it."

"What did you learn 'bout the Injuns?"

"Well, not much of anything, except that there are about a dozen hanging around the camp-fire—for what purpose I cannot imagine, and therefore cannot tell whether the indications are favorable or not."

"The sign is rather good," added Nick; "this is a sort of a camp, and ain't any trap set to catch us; we can pass around it without runnin' ag'in a lot of the varmints at every step."

"Have you met with no adventure while I was sleeping?"

"None."

"You consider our chances pretty good for gettin' out the valley now?"

"Better than they war; you see, the varmints are off the track altogether, and don't know where to look for us."

"One of the signal-fires that we saw, you recollect, was on top of the very ridge over which we are to pass; consequently we may look for our enemies there."

"We may look for 'em everywhere," replied Nick; "that Red Bear isn't goin' to give up the chase so long as there is a show for 'em."

"I suppose Miona is looking for us."

"Yes; and time is precious, so we'll walk and talk."

The two men were so far away from the camp that they considered it safe to engage in a cautious conversation, without risk of being overheard by their enemies. At the same time neither was so reckless as to forget that there was danger all around, and that a misstep even might betray them.

Nick Whiffles was quite hopeful again. He and the others had been so hotly pursued, and were driven to the wall as it were, so often, that there was a relief in the respite, which they now enjoyed.

Circling around so as to give the camp of the Blackfeet a wide berth, they rapidly approached the spot where they had left Miona.

They walked along some time in silence, and then Ned looked about him, and said: "I can't see very well, but this looks like the spot."

"It is the spot."

"But where is Miona?"

"That is what I should like to know. She isn't here, that's certain."

The two walked carefully about for a few minutes, and then Ned asked his companion:

"Are you really certain this is the place where she was to await our return? I didn't notice it particularly enough to tell."

"It's the spot, sartin; there's no mistake about it."

"Merciful heavens! then she is gone!"

"It looks very much that way," was the answer of Nick Whiffles, who was standing in the shadow of the wood, with his arms folded and resting upon his rifle.

This was his attitude when in deep perplexion, thought, as he certainly was on the present occasion.

Ned Mackintosh waited a few minutes for him to speak, and then growing impatient,

asked:

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

which she had just left. Here she stood motionless and listened.

Was that the rustling of the wind that just then caught her ear? No, it was upon the ground, and while she was trying to still the beating of her heart, she distinctly heard the tread of some one upon the leaves!

Some wild animal, she concluded, was wandering near her, unconscious of her presence.

"I will not stir, and he will pass by," she thought, as she endeavored to pierce the inky gloom about her.

But no; it was drawing near, and it was moving so stealthily that she was certain her presence was detected, and it intended to steal upon her.

Filled with alarm, Miona reached her hands upward to see if there were any limbs upon which she could seize and draw herself up out of its reach.

No; there were none, and the creature was now within a few paces!

What should she do?

She had no weapons at all with her, she had left the deserted village in such haste that she had not once thought of bringing her rifle with her. She was helpless.

Then came the hope that she might frighten the animal into leaving her, and summoning her courage to the intense trial, she made a light spring toward it in the darkness, throwing up her outstretched arms, as she had seen Nick do with the bear, and shaking her blanket at the same time, and uttering an aspiration intended to startle the creature, whatever it was.

As she did so, she felt her arm gripped in such a manner that she knew at once that an Indian had seized it!

With a gasp of terror, Miona attempted to draw back and wrench herself free; but a giant could not have held her more securely.

"Heaven be merciful!" she prayed, struggling with the strength of desperation.

"Miona! my queen!"

She recognized that voice; it belonged to Red Bear!

Ay; the very being most dreaded upon earth had her now in his power!

Miona would have screamed, but her tongue seemed palsied; she attempted to speak, but could not. She was like one dead.

"My queen of the woods!" added Red Bear, in his native tongue. "I have sought you long, and with tears in my eyes; why did you flee from me?"

Her speech came back to her, but what should she say? What reply could she make? What reason could she give? What was to be gained by attempting to bandy words with him who knew no reason or mercy?

Oh, if she had but a pistol, or even a knife! How she would fight for her freedom, never so dear to her as at this moment.

He used no violence, but, holding her with a grip that was painful, he led her forward into the path again.

A pang of hope shot through her frame. Where was Nick? Was it not time for him to return? Would he not be coming along this path in a few minutes? Would they not meet, and then she would be safe after all.

But no one else was encountered, nor did she hear any indication of the proximity of her friends.

"Why do they remain away? Have they, too, deserted me?" she wailed, in her anguish. "Is there no hope for me?"

The heavens seemed closed, indeed. As the dim moonlight fell upon her captor, she glanced askance at him. In the obscurity he seemed ten times more hideous and repulsive than ever before.

She did not dare to struggle or resist him. She knew what a fearful temper he possessed, and she wondered at his forbearance, in the face of the struggle she had already made, to free him.

Perhaps the exultation he felt in her capture compensated him for all the labor he had undergone in the pursuit.

Whither would he take her? Back to the camp, where his companions were awaiting his return?

She had scarcely asked herself this question, when he left the path, taking the side opposite to the one by which they had entered it, and at that moment utter, hopeless, dead despair took possession of her.

Why struggle against fate? She was doomed to fall into his hands; the fond dreams that had cheered her for years were not to be realized; hope was all a mockery; there was no happiness for her; she was never to see that cherished mother again, nor the face of that father that had vanished as suddenly as he appeared before her.

"Lead on, Red Bear," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

The triumphant young chief needed no such admonition, for he strode through the wood so rapidly, dragging her after him, that she could scarcely keep her feet.

She had no knowledge or thought of the direction she was pursuing, for it was nothing to her, and she did not seek to know. She only knew that she was the most wretched and suffering of mortals, and that the future was all a blank to her. The bright sky overhead held no moon or stars for her.

On, still on his led her, his grasp never relaxing, and stumbling forward, as though held in the power of some horrid nightmare.

When it seemed to her that she had been dragged forward for a mile (although it was less than one eighth of that distance), she saw that they were nearing a camp-fire. She concluded at once that it was the main one, around which most of the party were gathered, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching it that no one else was near. They were still as much alone as though buried in the very depth of the forest.

Still the camp had been recently visited, for the fire was burning so brightly as to prove that it must have been replenished but a short time before. There was a heap of brush and fuel lying near, and gathering upon an armful, Red Bear cast it upon the flames.

As they flared up they made the immediate circle in which they were standing as light as day.

Perhaps, in her distress, Miona's remarkable beauty was increased, for when the young chief turned his dark eyes upon her, there was no anger and nothing but love in his expression, and with something like sadness in his voice, he asked:

"Why did the Queen of the Woods fly from me?"

"She wished to go to her own home and kindred."

"Her home is with the Blackfeet, and none of her kindred can love her as they do."

"But Miona is white and they are red; they are of different races and cannot consort together."

"Love knows no race nor color," was the rather poetic expression of the dusky lover, who certainly did not intend that he should be argued out of the position he had assumed.

"Woo-wol-na promised that when five sum-

mers had come and gone, I should be sent to my people. Has Woo-wol-na two tongues?"

"Red Bear made no such promise," was the sullen reply of the Blackfoot. "It is Red Bear that claims the Queen."

"But he does the Queen a great wrong; she has spent many years with the Blackfeet; they have treated her kindly, and she loves them; but her heart is still with her father and mother, who are waiting her coming."

"Let them come to the Queen," replied the warrior; "they shall be given the chief's lodge, they shall sleep upon the finest furs, and shall eat the fattest buffalo; they shall be welcome for all the moons they wish to stay, because they are the friends of the Blackfoot Queen."

Miona had no hope or thought of gaining a concession from her captor, but she was seeking merely to gain time. There was a faint stir of hope again when she found no other Indians near the fire. Surely Nick Whiffles and her lover must speedily miss her and institute a search, and she believed the sagacity of the trapper ought to be sufficient to direct him to the right spot.

The absence of the Blackfoot was as inexplicable as that of her friends. She knew that the wood was swarming with the dusky foes, and how it was that they still remained away was certainly singular, to say the least.

She was not aware that this was only one of a number of fires, kindled here and there in the valley for the purpose of distracting the fugitives and preventing their escape over the ridge.

Red Bear showed the same deference toward her that had characterized him during the years past. He evidently regretted the outbreak of which he had been guilty at the deserted village, and which he was certain had hastened the flight of the girl, and caused the aversion with which she seemed to regard him.

Having recovered possession of her again, he was now anxious to undo this mischief and to restore himself to his original place in her esteem.

Both were standing near the fire; he had his arms folded, in the stoical, indifferent manner of the Indian warrior, while his swarthy face, and his dark eyes that scarcely ever wandered from hers, were lit up with an expression of undisguised admiration and love.

Surely no Indian had ever coveted maid as he coveted her; surely never had the earth seen such a flower bloom as she at his side; surely she was worth any sacrifice or danger that he could offer.

Miona stood with her blanket gathered about her, her long, dark, Indian-like tresses hanging over her shoulders; her face downcast, as she looked gloomily into the fire, answering his questions and making her remarks with the dreamy indifference of one who is unconscious of what she is saying.

"When will Red Bear take the Queen of the Woods back to his village?"

"Now," was the instant reply of the Indian, his eyes flashing up at the thought of her concession.

"But the way is long, and Miona is weary."

"She can sleep in the canoe of Red Bear, he will spread his blanket for her, and while he paddles, she can sleep."

"The way is long to the water where his canoe is lying: she would rest here until daylight comes, and then go with him."

The black eyes of the Indian flashed, for he understood on the instant what this request meant. She wished to tarry here by the camp-fire until her friends could come to her rescue again.

He glanced furtively about in the gloom, as if to make sure that no form was stealing upon him, and then, stepping close to the girl, asked, in a hurried undertone:

"Does the Queen look for the coming of her friends? She may turn her eyes away, for they will never come again!"

"What!" gasped Miona; "are they dead?"

"They sleep in the ground," wailed the poor, stricken captive, pressing her hands to her forehead, as if to keep her head from bursting.

She believed the monstrous deception, for it accounted for the continued absence of her friends. She was certain that no other cause could explain their failure to return to her.

The trapper directed that they should approach simultaneously from opposite directions, and Ned should take the girl in charge and start in as direct a line as possible for the northern ridge, passing over that until he reached the stream upon the opposite side, where he was to await the coming of Whiffles. The latter, with the assistance of his dog, had no doubt but that he could easily discover them. His great purpose was to get them out of this dangerous valley as speedily as possible, and at the same time to place them beyond any likelihood of being overtaken by the Indians, who, as a matter of course, would not relinquish the hunt so long as there was any prospect of success.

Nine mountaineers out of ten would have put Red Bear to death the instant they gained the opportunity; but Nick Whiffles, although of a terrible nature when aroused, was not vindictive. To him the crime would have been nothing but murder, and he had no thought of injuring any one except in case of inevitable necessity.

His object now was to gain time; he wished to give the lovers all the start possible, and for that reason he was remaining by the camp-fire to prevent Red Bear dashing away for assistance, or calling his comrades to his aid.

In doing this, it will be seen that Nick incurred great personal risk, which, however, was characteristic of him. Despite the vigilance of Calamity, some treacherous red-skin might steal near enough to give a fatal shot.

In the gloomy depths of the woods lurked the most daring of red-skins, who were willing to risk their lives at any time for the sake of their leader, or that they might secure revenge upon a race for whom they entertained an hereditary hatred.

All this, as I have said, Nick Whiffles understood perfectly, but it produced no drawing power or hesitation in the part he had marked out for himself.

The position taken by the trapper was such that it placed him as near the rifle of Red Bear as was the latter. This, although apparently done by accident, was for the purpose of preventing the Indian taking any sudden advantage of the weapon. At the same time Nick kept his eye upon him, ready to detect and frustrate any movement looking toward escape.

As their relative positions were a little embarrassing, Nick naturally indulged his habit of talking when an opportunity occurred.

"The gal made a regular bargain with you, Red Bear, or with Woo-wol-na, which is the same thing, that when five years come round she should have the right, and why, in thunder, don't you stick to your bargain?"

"Red Bear loves the Queen of the Woods," replied the trapper.

"Wal, I don't s'pose she can help that, and so you shouldn't blame her fur that; but you don't love her half as much as that young chap that walked off with her."

This, of course, was uttered in the Blackfoot tongue, and the Indian comprehended it. It was touching him in his tenderest spot, and his black eyes gleamed with an evil light as he turned upon the trapper.

The fire of jealousy was burning in his dark nature, and some threat was struggling to his tongue; but he repressed it, and the words he would have spoken were not uttered, and he looked down in the fire before him.

discovery from her captor. She was resolved to delay their going by every means in her power; so she resorted to several trivial questions, finally asking:

"Do we return alone, or with the warriors of Woo-wol-na?"

"We shall go back together—'sh!' he added, turning his head as quick as lightning.

As he did so, the figure of Ned Mackintosh came out of the gloom, and stood before him with his revolver in hand.

"Attempt to raise your gun and you're a dead dog!" muttered the young scout, raising his hand. "If he don't understand that, Miona, please translate it for him."

Whether he understood it or not, cannot be said; but forgetting all in the one thought of self-preservation, he whirled on his feet to flee, when he found himself face to face with Nick Whiffles!

"Hold on a minute, Red Bear," said the trapper, "there's a condemned little difficulty atween us that had better be settled now!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THERE!

"CALAMITY," said Nick Whiffles, addressing his dog, "jest keep watch, and of you smell any of the varmints comin', let us know in time to slope."

Thus assured that there was no danger of surprise, the trapper gave his attention to the case before him.

Red Bear was standing with his arms folded, his gun leaning against the nearest tree, fairly cornered, but still defiant and ready to die the death that he was certain was only delayed for a few minutes. Ned Mackintosh held his pistol so as to cover the red-skin, and almost grazed his shoulder.

At the same moment Red Bear gave utterance to a whoop, intended to draw his warriors about him, and Nick concluded it was time for him to make tracks; and so he did, plunging into the woods and running with the speed of a deer.

"Speak, Red Bear, if you have anything to say," said Nick, who understood the movement, and wished to encourage him.

But the Indian maintained silence.

"You needn't get ready to sing your death-song, 'cause I ain't going to hurt you, that is as long as you behave yourself—mighty! no—what would I want to hurt a poor red scamp like you for?"

"The words of my brother are the words of a coward," replied Red Bear, turning defiantly upon him. "Let him lay down his gun and meet me with his knife."

"Nobody is afraid of ye, Red Bear," replied Nick, not disconcerted in the least. "I've raised the hair of bigger Injuns than you, but what's the use? I won't feel any better for wipin' you out, and you hain't got any chance to wipe me out."

At this juncture Calamity bounded into view, and his appearance meant that danger threatened, that it was time for him to be on the move.

Stooping down, Nick caught up the rifle of the Indian, and said:

"I'll leave it out here, where you can find it at daylight ag'in'; but you see I don't care bout gettin' hit in the back. Good-by, Red Bear."

As he was passing out of the circle of light on the other side of the clearing, the trapper looked back, and saw the infuriated Blackfoot with his tomahawk raised over his head. The next instant it had left his hand. As Nick sprang to one side it whizzed past him, almost grazing his shoulder.

At the same moment Red Bear gave utterance to a whoop, intended to draw his warriors about him, and Nick concluded it was time for him to make tracks; and so he did, plunging into the woods and running with the speed of a deer.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 295.)

## THROW PHYSIO TO THE DOGS; ILL ONE OF IT.

We do not in the least feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust; indeed, we are rather inclined to sympathize with him. Every day most of the cathartics offered to the public are great, repulsive-looking pills, the very appearance of which is sufficient to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would not have uttered such language. These little pellets, unlike other cathartics, are really nature's physic. They do not irritate, but tone and invigorate the system. No family should be without Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**

*A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.*

**THE ILLUMINATED DIME POCKET NOVELS!**

Comprising the best works only of the most popular living writers in the field of American Romance. Each issue a complete novel, with illuminated cover, rivaling in effect the popular chromo, and yet sold at a trifling price.

Unquestionably the most beautiful and attractive series of books, and the most delightful reading, ever presented to the popular reading public.

Distancing all rivalry, equally in the beauty of the books and their intrinsic excellence as romances, this new series has won the lead in public favor, and when one is

## A DINNER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

At that unpleasant meal  
I shall forever growl;  
The fowl were hardly fair;  
The fare was rather foul.  
  
It seemed that every dish  
Was opposite and wrong;  
The tea was very weak,  
The butter very strong.  
  
Unto the hungry soul  
Good viands are a charm;  
The soup was very cold,  
The water very warm.  
  
And here upon my word  
I'm telling you the truth;  
The wine was too much age,  
The wine had too much youth.  
  
The roast was burned too much—  
Or rather not enough;  
The cups were very flat,  
The pie-crust very tough.  
  
I thought for such a meal  
I wouldn't give a pin;  
The flies were very thick,  
The milk was very thin.  
  
I thought, "Why should a man  
Come here to dine or sup?"  
The meat would not go down,  
The jelly wanted up.  
  
The landlord's smiles polite  
Could have soothed power;  
The vinegar was sweet,  
The honey very sour.  
  
I rather thought the host  
For guests had no regard;  
The pickles were quite soft,  
The bread was very hard.  
  
It somehow seemed to me  
The dinner was farce;  
The wines were plain there,  
The viands very scarce.  
  
To relish what I eat  
Was little use to try;  
The cake was very damp,  
The pudding very dry.  
  
To make things give all round,  
I found the landlord's charge  
For satisfaction small—  
Was oppositely large.

## Two Sides of a Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. RUFUS KINGMAN looked suspiciously in Fred's face, as he folded up the letter he had been reading, and handed it back to the young man.

"It's a nice letter, Frederic, and the young lady is certainly very kind, and seems to think a great deal of you—and me. Mind, I say seems to think a great deal. But my experience has taught me that women, especially pretty women, are profound enigmas. You never can tell much about them."

"But I think you'll find Pansy an exception to the rule you have formed. At all events, accept the invitation she has sent you and aunt Ruthie, and see for yourself if she isn't the dearest girl in Christendom, and just the one above all others you would select for my wife."

Uncle Rufus shook his head undecidedly.

"I don't know about it, Frederic. I'm not much of a hand to mix in with fashionable people, and I feel as if I even disliked the name of the girl. 'Pansy!' It's ridiculous—don't you think so, Ruth?"

Miss Kingman looked up from her knitting—a placid-faced, blue-eyed old lady, twenty years older than her forty-year-old brother, to whom she was mother, sister, friend, house-keeper.

"I rather like the name, Rufus; it is sweet and girlish. Besides, you know what a favor it made of mine the pansy is. She ought to have great violet eyes, Fred"—looking beamingly over her gold-rimmed glasses at the handsome young fellow who had known no other home than theirs since he was a baby—"just like the velvet leaves of my jump-up Johnnies down by the corner fence."

Fred gave a happy, grateful glance for the little, tender romance in aunt Ruth's answer; then said ardently:

"She has, auntie, glorious blue eyes, with lashes and hair the very color of corn silk, and a complexion like a rose-leaf. You'll love her, auntie. Coax uncle Rufus to go. Pansy and Cornelia will see that you have a grand time."

The soft, blue eyes beamed at the refractory uncle this time, who sat knitting his handsome brow as if pretty women were entirely out of his line—and he, only forty, and finer looking, even, with his grand, florid face, thick gray hair, and bright blue eyes, the very hue of Fred's own—than Fred himself, for all that young gentleman's universally admitted attractions.

"A fortnight will not be very long to be away from home, Rufus, and I think we should acknowledge the courtesy by accepting the invitation of this dear girl who has made our boy so happy. It need not be a fashionable visit—they are just two young girls who keep house together, arn't they, Fred?"

Fred was eager enough to indorse aunt Ruth's opinion.

"That is all. Cornelia is several years older than Pansy, and she is housekeeper. It's a charming house, well ordered, and I know you'll be glad if you go."

Uncle Rufus gave a lugubrious sigh.

"So far as I can see, the whole thing has been settled before I was consulted. Well, I will take Ruth down on Wednesday, just to gratify you both. No good can come of it to me, you know—unless I find my conviction true, that this girl will simply bewitch you, without caring two pins for you."

Fred laughed—he knew so much better than that; and aunt Ruth's needles clicked faster for a moment.

"As if any girl could care so little for our Fred!"

And then they all went out to tea.

"Well, Pansy, dear, Mr. Kingman and Miss Ruth have been here a fortnight; now, tell me how like Fred's folks!"

It was the sweetest, most womanly of voices, and as Cornelia Sumner asked it of the girl crouching so gracefully over the register—radiant in a dainty, pink morning-wrapper—her own cheeks flushed just a trifle—enough to add a new charm to her pale, olive face, with its black eyes and lashes, its sensitive, scarlet-lipped mouth.

She was a regal sort of girl, who maintained a dignity and comparative reticence to everyone, excepting little Pansy, and who, therefore, had acquired the reputation of heartlessness and hauteur. But, away down in her heart, Cornelia knew her twenty-seven years of maidenhood had not spoiled a natural affection and capacity for love—because no one yet had asked her for that love whom she considered favorably. But, of late, something had "come over" Cornelia—at least Pansy had laughingly told her so, more than once, or twice.

"You needn't deny it, my duchess! I knew when Hal Thornehurst came back from Eu-

rope, your citadel wouldn't stand the storming! Don't I know? I am just as positive as if I had heard you say so. That magnificent Hal has been the prince to arouse my sleeping beauty."

Then Cornelia, so strangely for her, would flush slightly, perhaps laugh, but never denied it; while Pansy went on castle building about when her Fred and Cornelia! Hal would be brothers-in-law.

But this morning, sitting in a charming little boudoir, in the second story, just over the back parlor, the topic of conversation was not Hal Thornehurst, but their guests.

As Cornelia said, the Kingmans had been there two weeks—time enough to have cemented a loving attachment between aunt Ruth and the two girls; while as for uncle Rufus—well, he stoutly insisted that Pansy was no name for a girl, and openly avowed to his gentle, placid sister, *that* of the two, he was astounded that Fred hadn't chosen Cornelia. *Such a housekeeper!* such a thorough-going woman! such a queenly, confident air as she had! Pansy was all right enough—always barring her heathenish name; but Fred would find a good dinner more desirable in the long run, than the filmy crocheted tidiess and worsted afghans that seemed to be Pansy's only acquirement. But, of course Mr. Rufus Kingman did not know much about it, except what he saw; besides, there was naturally more good common sense, and less romance in a gentleman of over forty, who was not, and never had been in love, than in an ardent young fellow like Fred, head over heels in love with the velvety blue eyes, and dimpled rose leaf cheeks of Pansy Sumner.

Of Cornelia's irreproachable dinners, uncle Rufus had enjoyed ample proof, as well as of numberless other hospitalities, so that their visit had been a most delightful one. Opera—though aunt Ruth was a little shocked—sleighbeling in the Park; two receptions at the elegant little house, upon both of which occasion Fred was on hand; and uncle Rufus was heard to say, "what a fat young Thornehurst was. Miss Cornelia's lover, wasn't he?" Delightful matinees, promenades, concerts; and now at the end of a fortnight of real pleasure, Cornelia put her question of womanly curiosity to Pansy—crouching over the regal.

While, in the parlor below, his arm-chair drawn near that register, the morning *Herald* in his hands, Mr. Rufus Kingman sat, and heard every word, from that first question we have quoted.

"How do I like them? Why, I think auntie Ruth is the dearest old lady I ever saw—such a sweet, caressing way with her, and she does love Fred so."

Cornelia laughed.

"Which is a grand recommendation in your opinion, I dare say. But, Pansy"—a brief pause, then, uncle Rufus imagined her voice was constrained and unnatural as she went on.

"Speaking of Fred, naturally leaves me to think of your approaching marriage, dear; and that, necessarily, of your engagements—which has worried me some of late. I really think, Pansy, the time has come for you to decide which of the two gentlemen you will have."

Uncle Rufus sat upright in his chair, every nerve alert. So, this pretty little Pansy had two lovers, had she—the minx!

"Now, Cornelia, you're going to scold. I know it! As if I knew which one I wanted—or cared, for that matter, which one I had."

"That may be true enough, but at the same time, imprudent. Indeed, I regret very much that you were so childish as to engage yourself to them both. There's sure to be a fuss."

Uncle Rufus got out of his chair, in hot indignation at the condition of affairs in that house.

"I'll leave it this minute, were it not some extenuation of Pansy's wickedness, that Miss Cornelia so disapproves it. The girl is headstrong and of course her sister is not to blame. But—what a mess!"

He heard Pansy's sweet, girlish voice again, and listened, more horror-stricken than ever,

"It lay between Warner and Frederic, of course, and as the wedding day is so near, I think I had better decide, as you say. Frederic is good enough, and he's been faithful in the past—but then I think Warner is the most elegant—the more stylish, don't you? I decidedly prefer Warner, and I shall dismiss the other at once. By the way, Cornelia, isn't Miss Hugh to come at eleven to take the measure for my dresses?"

Then, as the conversation rambled off into dressmaking gossip, uncle Rufus strode away—burning with anger, shame, and wounded feeling; his face flushed, his eyes flashing the righteous indignation he felt.

"So that's the little game, is it? that is the way they're intending to sweep my nephew! Well, I won't blame Miss Cornelia, but didn't I always say no good could come of a girl with such a name as Pansy? Poor Fred—Frederic!" and he repeated the name aloud, in contemptuous copy of Pansy's unresented formality. Then, he rushed out of the parlor.

"I'll tell Ruth, and we'll pack our portmanteau and leave the house. Engaged to two men at once! thank God I'm not a marrying man!"

But he couldn't find Ruth.

So, he jammed his hat on his head, and went out for a walk, until she returned to her room.

Two minutes after he had closed the front door after him, aunt Ruth entered the parlor, calm, placid, all unconscious of the storm brewing, and took the same chair uncle Rufus had vacated, surprised, in a moment or so, to hear distant voices in conversation above her.

"You gave no opinion of Mr. Kingman, Pansy, after you told me how dearly you loved aunt Ruth."

It was Cornelia's voice, and aunt Ruth colored with pleasure at the indirect compliment.

Then Pansy's gay, girlish voice answered:

"Oh, uncle Rufus is jolly enough. I think he's real handsome, don't you?"

There came no answer for a second; then the old lady heard a rapid, passionate speech.

"Pansy—let it be as sacred as the memory of our dead mother—this secret of mine. Oh, Pansy! little sister, have you been so blind as not to see I love him—dearly—dearly!"

A sudden whiteness overspread aunt Ruth's face; then a delighted, rosy flush followed it, accompanied by a tiny gush of tears.

"Dear old Rufus! isn't it a special Providence that I heard this? Don't I know he thinks the world and all of her, and don't it himself? I'll tell him, this very minute—dear boy!"

Then, just as she reached the hall, uncle Rufus came in, considerably cooled off, and wishing, away down in his heart, that it was only that deceitful Pansy he was consciously obliged to leave.

"You needn't deny it, my duchess! I knew when Hal Thornehurst came back from Eu-

rope, your citadel wouldn't stand the storming! Don't I know? I am just as positive as if I had heard you say so. That magnificent Hal has been the prince to arouse my sleeping beauty."

Then Cornelia, so strangely for her, would flush slightly, perhaps laugh, but never denied it; while Pansy went on castle building about when her Fred and Cornelia! Hal would be brothers-in-law.

But this morning, sitting in a charming little boudoir, in the second story, just over the back parlor, the topic of conversation was not Hal Thornehurst, but their guests.

As Cornelia said, the Kingmans had been

there two weeks—time enough to have cemented a loving attachment between aunt Ruth and the two girls; while as for uncle Rufus—well, he stoutly insisted that Pansy was no name for a girl, and openly avowed to his gentle, placid sister, *that* of the two, he was astounded that Fred hadn't chosen Cornelia. *Such a housekeeper!* such a thorough-going woman! such a queenly, confident air as she had! Pansy was all right enough—always barring her heathenish name; but Fred would find a good dinner more desirable in the long run, than the filmy crocheted tidiess and worsted afghans that seemed to be Pansy's only acquirement. But, of course Mr. Rufus Kingman did not know much about it, except what he saw; besides, there was naturally more good common sense, and less romance in a gentleman of over forty, who was not, and never had been in love, than in an ardent young fellow like Fred, head over heels in love with the velvety blue eyes, and dimpled rose leaf cheeks of Pansy Sumner.

Of Cornelia's irreproachable dinners, uncle Rufus had enjoyed ample proof, as well as of numberless other hospitalities, so that their visit had been a most delightful one. Opera—though aunt Ruth was a little shocked—sleighbeling in the Park; two receptions at the elegant little house, upon both of which occasion Fred was on hand; and uncle Rufus was heard to say, "what a fat young Thornehurst was. Miss Cornelia's lover, wasn't he?" Delightful matinees, promenades, concerts; and now at the end of a fortnight of real pleasure, Cornelia put her question of womanly curiosity to Pansy—crouching over the regal.

Just above him was a person, Jack Bunting by name, a mere schoolboy, but as desperate a young fellow as you could well wish to see, who with a pertinacity and cunning worthy a better cause, had dogged the reverend doctor from the little country village which was their common home to New York, and thence on board the sleeping coach "City of Smoke" (so called because, three times per week, it ran through a certain city in the Alleghanies.) The reason of this rather uncalled-for devotion on the part of the young man was a grudge he fancied he owed Doctor Asterisk and a determination to wreak his vengeance upon him in some horrible manner not yet fully decided upon. The doctor had, innocently enough, by advice given to Mr. Bunting the elder, been the cause of Mr. Bunting the younger being cruelly separated from a newly-discovered sweetheart and sent off to school; and Mr. Bunting the younger, instead of going off to school as he was bid, had skillfully disguised himself in readymade mustache and flaxen wig, and, as we see, followed the doctor on a journey westward. He was at this moment lying restless in his berth, basely plotting against the name and fame of his ancient enemy. In the adjoining section, her fair head daintily pillow'd within a very few inches of the doctor's feet, and separated from only by a thin partition, was a maiden of a certain number of summers—probably about forty.

It is impossible to say by what complicated mental process Jack Bunting came at length in the course of his plotting and planning to connect in his mind two objects, socially so remote from each other, as the good doctor enthusiastically snoring beneath him and the innocent lady sweetly slumbering in lower berth number four. Yet connect them he did and in such a manner that there was gradually evolved from such a connection an idea quite worthy in point of diabolical ingenuity the conceptions of Mr. Bunting's most wakeful moments. This idea, briefly stated, was that these two were made expressly for each other, and Mr. B. was a third party created with special reference to acquainting them with the fact.

In short, the young man, believing on general principles that he should find a willing accomplice in the lady herself (whose name, by the way, was Miss Tabitha Tarleton), had determined to force the doctor to propose to her. This determination arrived at, the malicious young matchmaker, not troubling himself as to the *how* of the matter at all, beginning to grow drowsy, raised himself a moment to make sure his valuables were still under his pillow, then fell back senseless into the arms of all-subsiding Somnus.

The next morning, descending from his "lofty couch," the young man encountered some difficulty in climbing over the doctor who sat on the edge of his berth distractedly ransacking his vest-pocket in search of a button-hook that wasn't there. Unable to find it, he appealed to Mr. Bunting. Mr. Bunting regretted that he did not wear button boots, and consequently did not carry the desired article, but artfully suggested the possibility of the lady in number four possessing one. The doctor looked doubtful a moment; then he hastily put on his coat, advanced toward the lady, who was likewise just completing her toilet, and blushingly stated his need. She looked at him rather wildly for an instant, then began fumbling nervously at her back hair, and presently brought forth—a hairpin.

It is impossible to say by what complicated mental process Jack Bunting came at length in the course of his plotting and planning to connect in his mind two objects, socially so remote from each other, as the good doctor enthusiastically snoring beneath him and the innocent lady sweetly slumbering in lower berth number four. Yet connect them he did and in such a manner that there was gradually evolved from such a connection an idea quite worthy in point of diabolical ingenuity the conceptions of Mr. Bunting's most wakeful moments. This idea, briefly stated, was that these two were made expressly for each other, and Mr. B. was a third party created with special reference to acquainting them with the fact.

In short, the young man, believing on general principles that he should find a willing accomplice in the lady herself (whose name, by the way, was Miss Tabitha Tarleton), had determined to force the doctor to propose to her. This determination arrived at, the malicious young matchmaker, not troubling himself as to the *how* of the matter at all, beginning to grow drowsy, raised himself a moment to make sure his valuables were still under his pillow, then fell back senseless into the arms of all-subsiding Somnus.

The next morning, descending from his "lofty couch," the young man encountered some difficulty in climbing over the doctor who sat on the edge of his berth distractedly ransacking his vest-pocket in search of a button-hook that wasn't there. Unable to find it, he appealed to Mr. Bunting. Mr. Bunting regretted that he did not wear button boots, and consequently did not carry the desired article, but artfully suggested the possibility of the lady in number four possessing one. The doctor looked doubtful a moment; then he hastily put on his coat, advanced toward the lady, who was likewise just completing her toilet, and blushingly stated his need. She looked at him rather wildly for an instant, then began fumbling nervously at her back hair, and presently brought forth—a hairpin.

It is impossible to say by what complicated mental process Jack Bunting came at length in the course of his plotting and planning to connect in his mind two objects, socially so remote from each other, as the good doctor enthusiastically snoring beneath him and the innocent lady sweetly slumbering in lower berth number four. Yet connect them he did and in such a manner that there was gradually evolved from such a connection an idea quite worthy in point of diabolical ingenuity the conceptions of Mr. Bunting's most wakeful moments. This idea, briefly stated, was that these two were made expressly for each other, and Mr. B. was a third party created with special reference to acquainting them with the fact.

In short, the young man, believing on general principles that he should find a willing accomplice in the lady herself (whose name, by the way, was Miss Tabitha Tarleton), had determined to force the doctor to propose to her. This determination arrived at, the malicious young matchmaker, not troubling himself as to the *how* of the matter at all, beginning to grow drowsy, raised himself a moment to make sure his valuables were still under his pillow, then fell back senseless into the arms of all-subsiding Somnus.

The next morning, descending from his "lofty couch," the young man encountered some difficulty in climbing over the doctor who sat on the edge of his berth distractedly ransacking his vest-pocket in search of a button-hook that wasn't there. Unable to find it, he appealed to Mr. Bunting. Mr. Bunting regretted that he did not wear button boots, and consequently did not carry the desired article, but artfully suggested the possibility of the lady in number four possessing one. The doctor looked doubtful a moment; then he hastily put on his coat, advanced toward the lady, who was likewise just completing her toilet, and blushingly stated his need. She looked at him rather wildly for an instant, then began fumbling nervously at her back hair, and presently brought forth—a hairpin.

It is impossible to say by what complicated